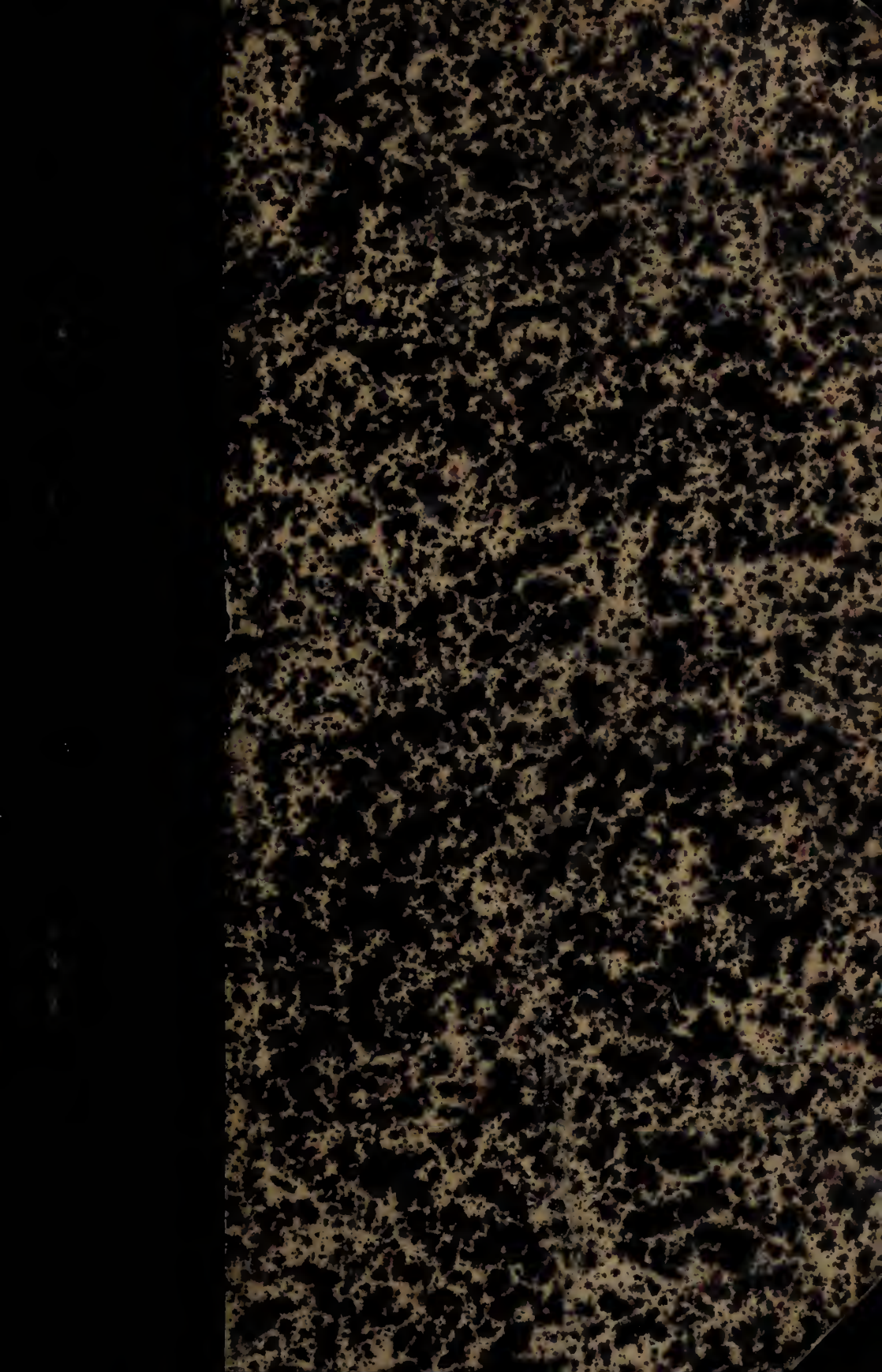

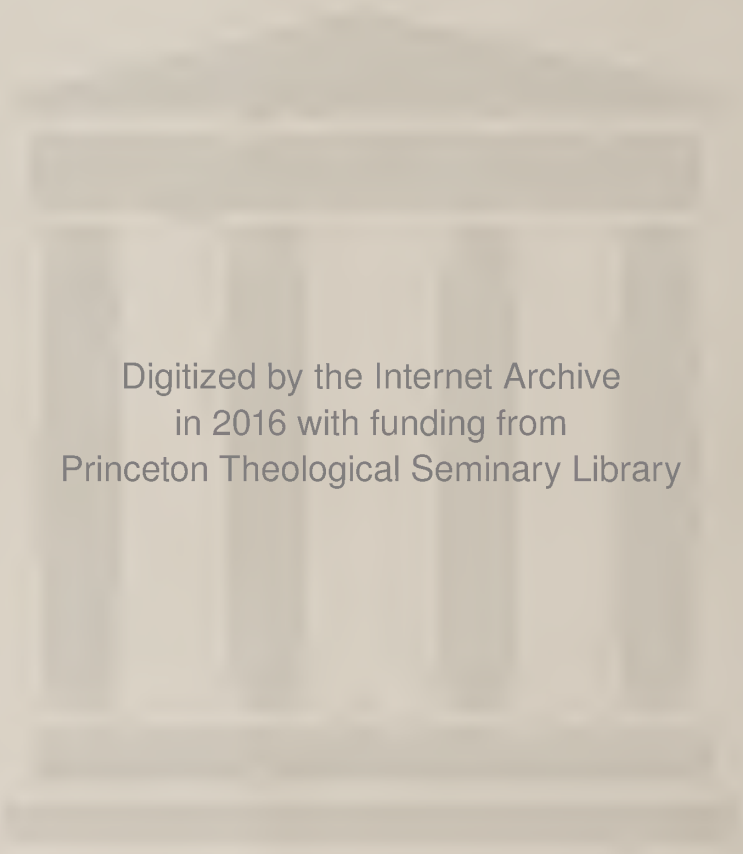

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EMERSON.*

THIS Memoir of Emerson has been long expected. Mr. Cabot has taken plenty of time for his work, and he has done it thoroughly and well. We all know the tone of the admiring biographer, know it and avoid it; but Mr. Cabot has avoided it too. He keeps himself in the background and lets the facts speak for themselves. It may be that in parts this causes a certain lack of interest. The narrative might have been more highly colored, more entertaining. But there is no doubt but that Mr. Cabot's course proves the wisest in the end. What we want is the man Emerson as he lived and thought and wrote. If some details of his outward existence seem a little tame and commonplace, one must remember that they are necessary parts of the whole. If I find fault with Mr. Cabot for saying that "Before leaving Canterbury, Emerson, in the following passage in his journal, *took stock of his prospects*," it is because one dislikes to see any blemish in a good piece of work.

But Mr. Cabot's book has been already discussed by competent judges and will be again. Is it not a good time to look back from Emerson's life to his works and see what manner of man it was that lived and wrote among us? I say *among us* wrongly; for Emerson's own generation has gone by. If the present knows him and loves him, it will not be for friendship, or association, or personal influence,

* *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, by J. E. Cabot, in two volumes. Boston and New York, 1887. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Riverside Edition, in eleven volumes. Boston, 1884. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

but for what he actually wrote and actually was. It is from this point of view that I wish to write, and the Emersonian of the past must think of this when he judges me.

I.

The true Emersonian shudders when one speaks of style. "Mere form!" he says. "Mere form! Emerson was above it. He thought of the matter." But there is a distinction to be made here, an important one. When we say style we generally mean two things; one, form properly speaking:—in verse, rhythm, rhyme, color, harmony, and the same, though more subtle and less perceptible, in prose. That is to say, we mean simply the expression of the thought, and it is very natural that people should apply the scornful adjective *mere* to this, because it amounts to little in itself, though it is a very essential and necessary part in all good writing. But style proper is a different thing, and a higher. Style is not a question of the arrangement of words only, of the jingle of rhymes. It is a question of thought. A writer has first a general conception which he wishes to convey. This condenses itself into images or thoughts, and he then gives these a form of prose or verse as he pleases. A metaphysician might state it for me better; but every one who thinks, and studies how he thinks, must feel what I mean. Style, then, belongs to the second of these stages, that in which the general conception embodies itself in distinct images or thoughts. But I can illustrate better by examples. Prospero, in the *Tempest*, says to Miranda:

> "What seest thou else
> In the dark backward and abysm of time?"

If he had said, "Do you remember anything else as you look back at your life?" he would have conveyed the same general conception; but what a difference in the image, what a difference in the impression on the mind! And the difference is simply one of style. Again, Milton says:

> "And night
> *Invests* the deep, while wished morn delays."

If he had said, "Darkness covers the sea," he might have told what he wished to tell, but with what a difference of style! It will be said that I am giving to style more than belongs to it; but I think not. The point lies here: the expressions given above are to the intellect the same, their difference exists for the imagination only;

but what appeals to the imagination is art, and the element of art in literature, as far as it concerns details of execution, is style.

The distinction between style and form is of immense importance, and is not sufficiently used. Shelley, for example, is a writer to whom it applies. Take, for instance, this stanza from the "Song of Proserpine:

> "Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
> Thou from whose immortal bosom
> Gods and men, and beasts have birth,
> Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
> Breathe thine influence most divine
> On thine own child, Proserpine."

The form is perfect, so delicate, so liquid, it melts on one's tongue; but what a style!

> "Gods and men, and beasts have birth."

What a deplorable anticlimax! And in his exquisitely melodious "Lines to an Indian Air":

> "I die, I faint, I fail."

What a jumble of ideas! Shelley has too much of such writing. His genius for form was better than his genius for style.

It is evident that everything I have said about form and style applies to prose as well as to verse, but with this difference: prose is used, necessarily used, in other ways than as an artistic medium. The scientist must have a language for his science, the philosopher for his philosophy, the moralist for his system of morals; and, taking this for granted, we put up with imperfect form and bad style because we want the facts; but no wise man writes poetry except for an artistic purpose, and poetry must be judged by an artistic standard. Indeed, style gives poetry a right to exist, and style alone. A man can be a poet only in proportion as he has a sense of style. The point of all this is that in Emerson the sense of style was very deficient indeed. I do not mean that his style was always bad. On the contrary, in his prose it has fine and striking qualities, and in his poetry there is something of them also. Still his sense of style was lamentably deficient, and his poetry continually jars.

More than this, poetry should be written first, and essentially, by and for the imagination. I do not mean that there should be no ideas in it. That would be nonsense. But the ideas must be treated by the imagination; the poet's object must be beauty and that alone.

Emerson's poetry is written mainly for the intellect. He is never lifted and carried away. You can read his poems through almost without a thrill, at least I did. There are brilliant epigrams and quotable lines innumerable; but so there are in his prose, and to my mind his prose has the advantage because he was not hampered by a form unnatural to him. I know people will say that Emerson himself felt poetry to be his vocation. I know the passage Mr. Cabot quotes:

"I am born to be a poet,—of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, to be sure, is very husky, and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter and specially of the correspondences between these and those."

But did not Goethe all his life dream of being a painter and a scientist? Did not Shelley always maintain that poetry was a pastime to him, that his real vocation was elsewhere? Such instances are not uncommon. I am inclined to think, however, that Emerson's case was different from these. To him poetry was not the passionate search after beauty; it was a more brilliant means of intellectual statement, an Orphic vehicle of paradox. That is the way he used it himself, that is the side of it he most appreciated in others. The symbol was to him algebraic; he could not linger in it for its own fascination and charm.

All this is mere assertion, and enough of that has been heard in regard to Emerson's poetry. Neither is it of any use to pick out a few fine passages, and say that the rest is bad. The only way is to take line for line and word for word. Then if your friend says it is bad and you say it is good, there is an end. It is a question of *de gustibus.* What more would you have? Only let no one say that it is a useless and foolish task to make such an examination. It is a thankless one certainly. But, alas, as our life is constituted, the only way to learn beauties is to study defects. So many people read poetry conventionally and could not tell the best from the worst! yet this simply means that they do not see what makes the best the best. Of course it is impossible to analyze here all of Emerson's poems, or any large number of them. His want of mere poetical form is best shown in the long narrative poem called "The Adirondacs." It is astonishing that any man so familiar with the great English poets should have believed that merely by putting words together so that the accent fell on every other syllable, he could make iambic blank verse.

"We crossed Champlain to Keeseville with our friends,
Thence, in strong country carts, rode up the forks
Of the Ausable stream, intent to reach
The Adirondac lakes," etc.

The metre could not be more correct. On the other hand, hear Milton with inaccurate metre:

"Thrive under evil and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance."

Who that has an ear does not feel that one has rhythm and the other not? And Emerson's whole poem never rises above that level, unless in one paragraph. The poem called "Blight" is the same, and half-a-dozen others, a movement differing only from prose by being far more monotonous. Then his lyrical poems. Is there any rhythm to this:

"I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass"?

And what sort of a verse is it that brings the accent on the second syllable of *libráries* as in "Monadnoc," or on the last syllable of *echoés* as in the poem called "Boston"?

"Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows."

I know the answer to all this. People say, "O, it is an outside thing, a matter of secondary importance." But it cannot be of secondary importance. Without grace and charm poetry cannot exist. And grace and charm are lost by such carelessness as this. Emerson's poetry is full of it. He says himself that the bard

"Shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number."

That was his principle apparently; but I cannot see how a man is to paint without colors.

All this does not mean that Emerson never wrote a beautiful line. He has many such, beautiful for pure form. Witness these in "Astræa":

"Yet shine forever virgin minds
Loved by stars and purest winds,
Which o'er passion throned sedate
Have not hazarded their state."

or these in "Monadnoc":

"None save dappling shadows climb
Under clouds, my lonely head,
Old as the sun, old almost as the shade."

But lines like these are the exception, and one finds only too frequently something very much worse. I do not remember a single line of iambic pentameter which is beautiful with the beauty of any one of a thousand lines in Shakespeare or Milton, or any man who could write blank verse.

So much for form. But we will grant that poetry can exist without form—a difficult concession—and turn to style; for I hope I have made it clear that there is a difference between them. To put it shortly: Style is the language of the imagination, form is the language of the ear. In considering the question of style, we leave aside the aforementioned poem called "Boston."

"The rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice a day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms," etc.

also such stanzas as,

"Ye drew one mother's milk,
One chamber held ye all:
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall."

I suppose no one will defend such writing as this. Emerson has plenty of it, but so had Wordsworth. Shakespeare, too, wrote, or is supposed to have written:

"For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

Such things must be looked upon as slips of the pen, not to be judged seriously. But the parts of Emerson's poetry which must be judged seriously are full of faults of style as bad as these, if not so glaring—worse, in fact; for the others must have been slips; but it is difficult to reconcile these with true poetical genius.

"Steads not to work on the clean jump,
Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump,"

is a fault of style.

"The *foodful* waters fed me,"

is a fault of style.

"Vanish beside these dedicated blocks
Which who can tell what mason laid,"

is bad style, bad form, and bad English.

"Lit by fringent air"

I think is a fault of style, though the dictionary gives me no clue to what it means.

"The soothing lapse of morn to mirk"

is an atrocity. And there is another class of faults, less evident than this. I mean the use of a technical or scientific term, such as Emerson constantly introduces in his prose, and which jars horribly on the imagination.

"To the open ear it sings
Sweet the genesis of things,
Of *tendency* through endless ages,"

"The chorus of the ancient *Causes*."

Cause, by the way, is a word Emerson is fond of using in an abstract sense. To my mind nothing betrays more clearly his tendency to intellectualize. And again:

"Thou grand affirmer of the present tense."

"The acorn's cup, the raindrop's *arc*,"

"Wafting the puny seeds of power
Which lodged in rock, the rock *abrade*,"

"Secrets of the solar track,
Sparks of the supersolar blaze,"

"To the high-schooled and medalled boy,"

and so on. And these are not exceptional cases. There is hardly a poem where one does not stumble on some such phrase which jars the whole.

I have said Emerson appealed rather to the intellect than to the imagination. It is shown by his method of work, so often complained of, his writing not by wholes but by parts. It is shown by such lines of natural description as I have just quoted, where the scientific word crops out and hardens the whole. It is shown also by such things as:

"I see the summer glow,
And under the high-piled snow-drifts
The warm rosebuds below."

"And thief-like step of liberal hours
Thawing snow-drifts into flowers."

Such touches are mere *tours de force;* they leave the reader cold. And they occur again and again. Indeed, Emerson's description is infected with this spirit everywhere, in prose as well as in poetry. Only now and then comes a natural touch:

"For still
I am a willow of the wilderness,
Loving the wind that bent me."

or,

"When I behold the morn
Ope in such low, moist roadside, and beneath
Peep the blue violets out of the black loam."

and also much of "The Humble-Bee," though in this I cannot but feel the intellectual element somewhere near. Or rather I should say that here, and much more in the "Titmouse," one finds fancy rather than imagination or passion. And what is fancy but the intellect amusing itself? Yet "The Humble-Bee" is very beautiful.

"Let me chase thy waving lines;"

"The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass."

It would be unfair to hint that "*green silence*" recalled Marvell's "*green thought in a green shade*"; for Emerson is, at least, always original.

"But," some one will say, "you take only lines and passages, only a few of those. There may be very many and very beautiful besides." But it is not a poem here and there which is marred by the defects I have mentioned. They occur in almost every poem; oftener in some than in others; but too often in all. Take the "Threnody," for instance. Is it possible to associate emotion with such phrases as "*hyacinthine boy*," or "*ostrich-like forgetfulness;*" or,

"Nail the wild star to its track
In the half-climbed zodiac"?

And in the whole poem there is not a touch of passion. Intellect shines clear and hard through it all.

I have said nothing of the commonest objection to Emerson's poetry, that of obscurity, because I do not think it a true one. In the ideal poet we might demand perfect clearness; but almost all the great poetry which actually exists is full of obscurity. Dante is

obscure. Milton is obscure. Emerson in his most Orphic utterances is no darker than Shakespeare. I am inclined to think that the popular feeling on this score has its real ground in the lack of emotion which I have noticed. Longfellow's poems, though perhaps not very profound, have emotion where Emerson's have not, and are more popular in consequence.

Is there then nothing to be said in favor of Emerson's poetry? Much. In the first place, there are here and there passages of true and great poetical beauty. I have quoted some of them; but there are others. Take this, which, "*fringent*" aside, has a Miltonic loftiness:

> "As when a shower of meteors
> Cross the orbit of the earth,
> And lit by fringent air,
> Blaze near and far,
> *Mortals deem the planets bright*
> *Have slipped their sacred bars,*
> *And the lone seamen all the night*
> *Sail astonished amid stars;*"

or this:

> "Let the starred shade that nightly falls
> Still celebrate their funerals,
> And the bell of beetle and of bee
> Knell their melodious memory."

"*Starred shade*" alone would make Emerson's poems worth reading. Take this in a different strain:

> "Oblivion here thy wisdom is,
> Thy thrift, the sleep of cares;
> For a proud idleness like this
> Crowns all thy mean affairs."

It should be said that Emerson's manner, with all its defects, sometimes recalls the Elizabethans—Milton, Marvell. Indeed even his too great intellectuality can sometimes be traced in them, if one looks carefully. Take also the much-quoted,

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man:
> When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
> The youth replies, *I can;*"

and its lesser companion:

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply:
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

And there are very beautiful single lines:

"In a tumultuous privacy of storm;"

the only line I remember which goes far to contradict what I have said about his pentameters.

Among whole poems, the best, to my mind, are such as those "To J. W.," "Days," "Give All to Love," "Terminus," which are intellectual, indeed, but have a certain lofty dignity lacking in the more pretentious ones like "May-Day" and "Threnody." One short poem especially, which has given cause for a great deal of cheap wit, seems to me more complete and more touched with emotion than almost any other; I mean the little hymn called "Brahma." No one who feels the subtle charm of mysticism, not Oriental mysticism merely, but Christian as well, can fail to be touched by it:

"The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine for me the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me and turn thy back on Heaven."

Besides all this, Emerson's poetry has another great merit: it is never commonplace. He has always something to say, even when he says it badly. After acres of verbiage in other writers, it is a relief to be sure you are going to find a thought. More than this, his poems are full of brilliant epigrams, of keen wit. If I had space, I could quote pages of such things from them. This is a side I have not touched. But I have not touched it, because I have been judging poetry, and all the wit and all the epigrams would be just as good in prose. This is the cardinal defect of Emerson's poetry: the best part of it is not poetry at all. He was a man of wide and far-reaching intellectual power. He was not a poet. Never, never, could he have written a piece of imaginative description like Keats':

"As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave."

Compare the frigidity of the "Threnody" with Wordsworth's:

"A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

"She has no motion now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks and stones and trees."

Where in these three hundred pages will you find passion which does not pale beside Very's cry:

"I was not, save it were a thought of thee;
The world was but a spot where thou hadst trod;
From every star thy gaze seemed fixed on me;
Almost I loved thee better than my God."

Is not that a voice from another world?

II.

I have dwelt much on the question of style in connection with Emerson's poetry, because, as I said before, poetry is nothing without style. With prose it is different. Style there becomes the second question, not the first. But Emerson's style in prose is better than his style in poetry. Indeed, I think there is rarely any fault to be found with it. Keeping in mind the distinction we have made between style and form, I should say that his sense of form in prose was defective. His sentences are jerky and hard, not evolved with any unity of development. His form approaches large and sustained eloquence of expression only in his political addresses, and especially in the short and not otherwise noticeable "Address to Kossuth." "Sir: The fatigue of your many public visits, in such unbroken succession as may compare with the toils of a campaign, forbids us to detain you long," and the rest, where there is a noble freedom and breadth. But as regards style, properly so called, much of Emerson's prose is wonderfully fine. It is intellectual certainly, and tends too much to epigram; yet it is extremely brilliant and effective, dignified generally, and above all things never commonplace. But Emerson's admirers say he was above style, and, as regards prose, they are right. It is a question of matter now and not of manner.

The first volume of Emerson's works contains the writings which laid the foundation of his fame, "Nature" and a number of addresses, among others the celebrated address delivered before the Harvard Divinity School in 1838. "Nature," especially, is to be regarded as Emerson's first work, and it is well to notice here the comparatively mature age at which he came before the public. It is characteristic of the measure and deliberation with which he lived and thought.

And it is, also, as well to notice here how difficult it is to judge any of his works as a whole, or to compare them. They are constructed so much more by parts than by wholes, that those which are least known and least interesting sometimes contain sentences of his very best thought. Any sort of system seems to have hampered him, and he wrote best when he had the most indefinite subject. "Nature" was written before he discovered this tendency, or at least before he yielded to it. It has a more labored construction than any of his other writings. The headings are arranged as accurately as in a sermon, and for that reason there is a slight want of ease. Yet the pages of "Nature" show strong marks of his later manner, and are full of striking phrases, of those epigrammatic flashes which fix themselves in one's mind. "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." The other pieces in this volume seem to me less interesting than his later work. The tone is the same, but less powerful; yet everywhere there are admirable passages. Among others there is that noble appeal:

"If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you say, 'As others do, so will I; I will renounce my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season:'—then dies the man in you, then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science as they have died already in a thousand, thousand men."

This is Emerson at his best. This is the side Mr. Matthew Arnold chose when he compared Emerson to Marcus Aurelius, wrongly, as I think, even so; for Aurelius was but a meditative recluse, and his tone is contemplative and uncertain. Emerson's is as clear and strong as a trumpet. Moreover, the comparison to the Roman Emperor included but this one side. He had no other. Emerson had many of them.

Under the head of essays one may include the *First* and *Second Series of Essays*, so called, *The Conduct of Life*, *Society and Solitude*, *Letters and Social Aims*, and a few pieces in the two posthumous volumes. I said that it was difficult to compare the essays among themselves, because of the fragmentariness of each single one; yet there is a certain tone prevalent in each which distinguishes it from the others, a tone partly dependent on the subject, but also characteristic of the essay itself. I think that in this way all the essays may be roughly divided into three classes: A first class, which deal with philosophical or religious subjects, and contain the highest point that

Emerson ever reached. Among these I include those on "Self-Reliance," "Spiritual Laws," "Compensation," "The Over-Soul," "Circles," "Experience," "Nature," "Fate," and in some ways that on "Immortality." Some of these contain more of Emerson's peculiar views than others, "Compensation," for instance, and "Circles." Those of more general application, such as "Self-Reliance" and "Experience," seem to me the most valuable of Emerson's writings, at least to the general public of intelligent readers who are not prepared to go all lengths. The second class deal with practical subjects, or, if that is too strong, with subjects more in the range of every-day life. I mean such essays as those on "Prudence," "Heroism," "Character," "Manners," and nearly all those in *The Conduct of Life*. None of these stand in so high a place as the first; but they are full of strong Socratic wisdom and a firm grasp on common affairs. The third class are those in which Emerson touches subjects more or less uncongenial to him, such as those on "Art" and "The Poet." It will easily be seen that there are essays which fall under none of these divisions; but enough do so to render the distinction marked.

In the first class I have spoken of the essay on "Self-Reliance." It marks one of the highest points of Emerson's thought. Self-reliance is a great element in his teaching; but (and the limitation is important), reliance on self, not as isolated, alone, standing on its own ground; but on self as the only possible manifestation of the not-self. Light and superficial people laugh at this doctrine. Honest and serious people are sometimes shocked at it and call it arrogance and self-assertion. But the truth is no one can read Emerson and not be struck with his profound humility as far as his own personality was concerned. Arrogance and self-assertion were the farthest from him of all things. One feels that he almost took to himself his story of the saint who offered his chair to Satan, declaring him more worthy of it than himself. All these statements about the value of self are meant to have a deeper truth read into them. And in that light what can be higher?

On the whole, *The Conduct of Life* seems to me the volume I should choose, if I had to choose one only, to represent Emerson's writing and thought at their best. It contains no single essay equal to three or four in the first series. Most of its contents fall within what I have called the second class of Emerson's writings. Yet there is an evenness of power throughout, a tone of self-sustained force which

impresses one more than in any of the other books. The essay on "Fate" is of the same kind as that on "Self-Reliance," though less striking, on the whole. In it Emerson, with his usual readiness to admit every side, allows free play to the action of Necessity in its coldest form, yet limits it, or rather absorbs it, in the power of will. He does not, as so many philosophers attempt to do, solve the question simply by neglecting one half of it or the other, but allows both and then unites them in a higher and broader synthesis.

The remaining articles in *The Conduct of Life* are full of good sense and a practical view of things. It is hard to choose between them, but perhaps the best among so many good is that on "Wealth." Many people talk of Emerson's wild theories, and say he lived in the air. Nine-tenths of such have never read him. The rest have never read him well, have not allowed for the homely Socratic wisdom of such things as this word on pride:

"Thus, next to humility, I have noticed that pride is a pretty good husband. A good pride is, as I reckon it, worth from five hundred to fifteen hundred a year. Pride is handsome, economical; pride eradicates so many vices, letting none subsist but itself, that it seems as if it were a great gain to exchange vanity for pride. Pride can go without domestics, without fine clothes, can live in a house with two rooms, can eat potato, purslain, beans, lyed corn, can work on the soil, can travel afoot, can talk with poor men, or sit silent well-contented in fine saloons. But vanity costs money, labor, horses, men, women, health and peace, and is still nothing at last, a long way leading nowhere. Only one drawback: proud people are intolerably selfish, and the vain are gentle and giving."

Is this wild theory, talk in the air? And take with this the description of the scholar's garden, and of the citizen from Dock Square who buys a house-lot for its fine view. I wish to insist upon this side of Emerson's writing even more than upon that exemplified in the essay on "Self-Reliance," because it is apt to be somewhat neglected and is yet very important. It is by this side, also, of his homely, every-day wisdom that Emerson differs from Marcus Aurelius. Not that the latter lived in the air either; but he is somewhat too grave, and always takes the world in a moralizing vein. Emerson writes of all these things lightly, flowingly, in full sympathy with the farmer and the citizen, putting himself in their place with shrewd Yankee common-sense. Emerson himself speaks of Plutarch and Montaigne as joining hands across the gulf of time which separated them, and when I read certain sides of his writing, I incline to put him with them as an equal third. Or better still, he reminds one of what the old Greeks used to call a *wise man, par excellence*, some Solon or

Thales, not a metaphysician, but a man who studied life and coined it into wisdom.

I have said that there is a third class of essays, but I do not care to dwell on them. They are those in which Emerson had a subject uncongenial to him and did not feel himself at ease. The most important among them are those concerning art and beauty. The treatment of these subjects is always intellectual. His lack of feeling for the side of external beauty, at least as regards poetry, is shown in his extraordinary dictum about translations, that he would as soon think of swimming a river when he could cross it by a bridge, as of reading an original when he could get a translation. The essays on "Love" and "Friendship," in the first series, also seem to me cold, and I feel in them a sense of effort.

I might have included *Representative Men* among the essays, for it differs from them only in name, not in matter. Whether Emerson's subject is "Spiritual Laws" or "Plato," his treatment remains the same. But the fact of a definite subject rather confines him. In all these he seems perhaps a little less at ease. He never, here or anywhere, shows anything of the critic. His own personality was too strong. He studied men, not for their natures but for their thoughts, and constantly he turns a character into a type, treating it as ideal and not human. The total lack of the critical instinct in him is too marked to be passed over. It shows in his judgment of men as in his judgment of books. In these all he looked for was brilliant thought, connected or unconnected. His favorite reading was in books of pointed anecdote and striking, energetic epigram. And his memory for such things was extraordinary; witness the quotations which appear in him almost as often as in Montaigne. He sought this same thing in poetry; but apart from this he seems to have little poetical taste. His *Parnassus* is a proof of it.

To return to *Representative Men.* It is everywhere full of brilliancy, of course. The lectures on Plato and Swedenborg contain some of Emerson's profoundest thought, but in this line I think them hardly equal to the first volume of essays. On the other hand, no essay of the practical sort is better than the lecture on Montaigne. It illustrates fully one of the many sides of Emerson's mind, and it contains that incomparable paragraph on Montaigne's character, in the same line as the sketch of Socrates in the lecture on Plato, but even better:

"As I look at his effigy opposite the title page, I seem to hear him say, 'You

may play old Poz if you will; you may rail and exaggerate,—I stand here for truth, and will not for all the states and churches and revenues and personal reputations of Europe overstate the dry fact as I see it; I will rather mumble and prose about what I certainly know,—my house and barns, my father, my wife, and my tenants; my old, lean, bald pate; my knives and forks; what meats I eat and what drinks I prefer, and a hundred straws just as ridiculous,—than I will write with a fine crow-quill a fine romance. I like gray days, and autumn, and winter weather. I am gray and autumnal myself, and think an undress and old shoes that do not pinch my feet, and old friends who do not constrain me, and old topics where I do not need to strain myself and pump my brains, the most suitable. Our condition as men is risky and ticklish enough. One cannot be sure of himself and his fortune an hour, but he may be whisked off into some pitiable or ridiculous plight. Why should I vapor and play the philosopher, instead of balancing, as best I can, this dancing balloon? So, at least, I live within compass, keep myself ready for action, and can shoot the gulf at last with decency. If there be anything farcical in that, the blame is not mine, let it lie at fate's and nature's door.'"

With this lecture on Montaigne one should put the biographical sketches of Mary Moody Emerson, Doctor Ripley, and Thoreau. They are all excellent, full of wit and full of power. If Emerson did not always show us the man as he lived, he made a new man, quite as interesting.

I have still to speak of the *English Traits*. Many people think them the most interesting of Emerson's writings to the general reader. But Emerson never wrote for the general reader, who cannot appreciate Emerson's merits, and is expected to like *English Traits* because in it Emerson's merits are largely wanting. If he was a little hampered by a definite subject, even in writing of Plato, how much more so is he when he writes of modern England, a subject certainly not congenial to him. The main objection to *Representative Men*, that he deals with ideals, not objects, is a thousand times stronger against *English Traits*. Everywhere it is the type of Englishmen, the ideal Briton which is brought before us, and that type has been handled so often before, that really there is little to say now, even for a mind so original as Emerson's. The book is, as usual, full of brilliant and epigrammatic statement, but it is so general, so barren of fruitful observation and insight, that it wearies one. I do not know any other of Emerson's books where he appears at such a disadvantage.

In the volume entitled *Miscellanies* Mr. Cabot has published a number of Emerson's political speeches. They are well worth reading for their noble fearlessness and extreme dignity. I have before spoken of the superiority of their style over that of many of his

writings. More than this, in them he comes nearer real emotion than almost anywhere else. A careful reader might say that his tone was indignant rather than passionate, but the point is too fine. One very remarkable passage in the beginning of the lecture on "The Fugitive Slave Law" must be quoted because it exhibits Emerson assuming a tone of religious authority not usual with him. "I do not often speak," he says, "to public questions;—they are odious and hurtful, and it seems like meddling or leaving your work. *I have my own spirits in prison,—spirits in deeper prisons whom no man visits if I do not.*" That is the tone of Jones Very. I remember no other instance of it in Emerson's whole eleven volumes.

One important trait of Emerson's I have not yet mentioned, his brilliant wit. Of humor he had little. His humor consists in exaggeration almost after the fashion of Mark Twain; witness the description of the Norsemen on page sixty of the *English Traits.* But his wit is found everywhere, and is inexhaustible in brilliancy and power. This alone would distinguish him from Marcus Aurelius, who cannot be called witty. It is hopeless to give instances, but he says of Landor: "He pestered me with Southey,—but who is Southey?" and of Napoleon, "His soldiers called him Cent Mille. Add honesty to him and they might have called him Hundred Million." And the biographical sketches I before alluded to are full of similar examples.

III.

One of the most striking and valuable things in Emerson is the way in which he always stood for the dignity of the individual. This divided him in many ways from our democratic society, where the tendency is toward the absorption of the unit in the mass. Emerson was a true believer in democracy, yet he saw this danger and resisted it.

"Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses," he cries. "Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their influence, and need not to be flattered, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, dull, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking, million stockingers, or lazzaroni at all. If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply, the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with the hurrah of the masses, and let us have the vote of single men spoken on their

honor and their conscience. In old Egypt it was established that the vote of a prophet be reckoned equal to a hundred hands. I think it much underestimated. 'Clay and clay differ in dignity' as we learn by our preferences every day."

He touches the note often. From a man who loved American civilization and believed in it, such a warning is worth heeding.

Again, Emerson teaches us to look to the future. Our art, our literature, our religion look to the past. Our age is an age of criticism, and it spends too much of its criticism on the thoughts and dreams of men who have gone. It is always preparing to live and never lives. But this man's eye was on the future. He took what of good the past could give him, but his cry was, "Forward! Forward! Let the dead bury their dead."

And he teaches us always openness and freedom of mind. Goethe says: "This is the test of the love of truth, that a man reverence the good wherever he finds it." It was true of Goethe himself. It was equally true of Emerson. No convention blinded him, no ill-repute deterred him. Where he saw the good he followed, without heeding the outcry of the world. From the fanatic Swedenborg he took, and from the sceptic Montaigne. No saint ever aimed higher, but he said, "I hate goodies." Napoleon fascinated him, and Martial, but their vices never deceived him. Yet he was by nature a believer. He himself asserts it again and again, and it is apparent in every page of his writing. He was ready to examine every evidence, to grant every objection, but the conclusion was foregone. In spite of his open-mindedness, no human being could be farther from scepticism. Every page, every sentence almost, is an assertion. Every subject of every kind gives only another excuse for his eternal optimism. And here we begin to come across his weakness; his friends and enemies alike have felt it and expressed it: there was a side of life which Emerson never knew. Everybody quotes Mr. John Morley's complaint: "Emerson has little to say of that horrid burden and impediment on the soul which the churches call sin, and which, by whatever name we call it, is a very real catastrophe in the nature of man." Every one quotes it, and I do not know that any one has answered it successfully. Emerson saw the evil in the world and recognized it, but he never showed a realizing sense of it himself. This is what Father Taylor means when Mr. Cabot quotes him as saying that "Emerson knew no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of Hebrew grammar." For the essence of the religion of the

New Testament is consolation, and how can a man appreciate consolation who has no idea of sin?

Consolation! That is what in Emerson you cannot find. That is what so many seek in him in vain. The sufferer can find consolation in those who have known his grief, even if they have not cured it. He can find it in such men as Shelley, and Amiel, and Sénancour. Still more can he find it in men who have known his grief and have risen above it into the eternal calm, in men who have written their *Werther* first and their *Wilhelm Meister* afterward. But to a soul torn with doubt and longing and despair, Emerson, who has no knowledge of these things, has no remedy to offer, absolutely none.

More than this, Emerson's whole higher plane of thought, except to the few who agree with him from the start, lacks reality and solidity. You read him and are charmed and elevated, you carry away a host of wise and brilliant thoughts, you carry away a deeper reverence for life; but you do not carry away conviction. He has not the means of convincing the intellect, which is logic. That he prides himself on. Now logic is not indispensable. The greatest spiritual movements of the world have had little to do with logic. But—and here is the point—where these have not convinced the intellect by logic, they have convinced the feelings by passion, and these movements have succeeded because nine men are convinced by passion where one is convinced by intellect. But Emerson never had passion, never. His language is that of the intellect, his appeal is made to the intellect, and the intellect, in the case of many at least, he fails to carry with him.

But who could leave Emerson so? Even those who cannot find all they desire in his writings, cannot enough admire himself. Think of his purity, mildness, sweetness, uprightness, dignity, nobleness, honor—a Pauline catalogue. These things his Puritan ancestors gave him, and it would be well if such had been given in like degree to more of us. To have read this man's works and dwelt with him and known him, is, in itself, to have lived a higher life.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

THE PRESENT ETHICAL RELATIONS OF ABSOLUTE IDEALISM AND NATURALISM.

In these two theories we have the extremes of antagonism. Their upholders look at the whole problem of existence from opposite stand-points, and accordingly they deal with the crowning problem of practical life in quite different ways. We find a general recognition of this in the current phraseology, according to which it has become common to speak of a noble idealism and of a calculating utilitarianism. Such phrases are, no doubt, only partially indicative of true appreciation of the theories so described. But they do, at least in some measure, indicate the impression made by these theories on the general intelligence of the country. To the intellectual life of the nations deeply concerned in philosophy, it appears that the one theory is concerned chiefly with an unattained ideal towards which human effort should be directed; whereas it appears that the other is more occupied with the question how the most can be made of the conditions in the midst of which human life must be spent. It is not, indeed, suggested that the utilitarian scheme has not its own ideal of human life. To shape a theory of any kind is in some sense to depict an ideal; but utilitarianism proceeds in the matter by reference mainly to the forces at work as bearing on human life. It is on this account more akin, both in form and spirit, with the results gained in the sphere of the physical sciences. To many, this may seem a decided advantage; especially to those who plead that all discussion of mental phenomena should be carried through by use of materialistic terminology—a plea which very thinly covers a foregone conclusion.

The contrast between the idealistic and the utilitarian philosophies is that the one contemplates an unattained excellence which can be represented to the imagination, the other measures out a maximum of possibility calculated on a reasonable view of determined conditions of life. There is, indeed, for both a desirable, which is not an actual in personal experience; but the one looks higher, seeking to penetrate farther into spiritual conditions; the other confines its range of vision somewhat more, looks more closely

into conditions grouped under the names "environment" and "heredity," and habitually discredits the speculative tendencies which the first favors.

With this contrast before us, we desire to consider the present relations of these two theories, especially in view of an apparent approximation in result, of which evidence will be given presently. Such a survey of their present relations becomes the more important in the interest of philosophy, because it must prove helpful towards the attainment of critical results likely to contribute towards the progress of philosophy itself. It is no doubt true that the history of philosophy and the fortune of theories cannot be identified. There is ever a deeper and broader stream of philosophic thought flowing both beneath and beyond accepted theories, and it is to this stream we look for the progress to be realized in the near future. Theories are to some extent like islands in the midst of the stream, showing the sweep and rush of the current as it flows past, consequent on the temporary division of the waters which they occasion. Some of these have a great historic interest, but as they lie far behind us, this may be mainly historic, while living philosophic interest gathers about those standing directly in view at the point now reached. In this suggestion of the merely temporary dominance of theory, there is nothing unfaithful to the historic spirit, or inconsistent with the philosophic. It sufficiently honors the past, while proclaiming the principle that the intelligent life of the race carries inexhaustible hope in its bosom. Finality is an irrational suggestion, sometimes the fruit of an unsupported boastfulness, sometimes of an unreasoning fear. It is mere shine on the river, which is all the while flowing on, and receiving new tributaries farther down. Over against the stability of the material world, there is the progressiveness of the intellectual, and this means for all theories a historic fate, along with such historic fame as their merits may bring. To every generation is given the privilege of expecting and preparing for advance, under conditions special to rational life.

Any attempt to ascertain and describe our present philosophic position must, however, make account of prevailing theories, and for this reason attention is now turned to the relations of idealism and naturalism, or sensationalism, as these concern themselves with a philosophy of practical life regulated by ethical conceptions. We cannot deal here with the whole circumference of the theories; but

we gain by this necessity for limitation, securing a defined region of inquiry, and contemplating those features of intelligent life which are confessedly the highest, being not only intellectual, but superinduced on the intellectual. We are concerned not only with thought, but with thought as to that which *ought to* be, in advance of that which *is*.

The contrast between idealism and naturalism is fundamentally a divergence of view as to the relative importance of reason and feeling in intellectual life. It concerns the question which is master, which servant; which is source and which product, in the unfolding of life. This apparently simple question is soon found to involve us in very widely divergent views of life. Various aspects of the difference present themselves. We raise such questions as these: whether our spiritual nature only receives impressions from without, or originates conceptions in accordance with which impressions are interpreted; whether we can discover only the relations or connecting links of occurrences within environment, or can get behind the merely local and temporary, even behind the visible and tangible, to a real and abiding, an ideal and superior; whether our vital affinities are with the animals or with higher though unknown orders of being, with destinies like ours, which are only dimly foreshadowed in the present state of existence. These are only different aspects of the same question; and the preference for the one alternative or for the other determines the theoretic structure which emerges—the sensational or the rational scheme of philosophy.

Among rational schemes of existence we must distinguish between an absolute idealism, and a relative; an idealism which makes all existence an expression or manifestation of the absolute idea, the one absolute existence, eternal and all-containing, and an idealism regarding reason as the key to the universe, but accepting the limits of personal existence, recognizing itself and all finite rational existence, as well as the universe as a whole, as distinct from the absolute Creator to whom we look as the source of all. The more humble form of idealism, of which we are disciples, is here held in reserve, that attention may be concentrated on the present relations of absolute idealism and sensationalism. Restricting attention here to ethical philosophy, we are led toward some of the most interesting comparisons which recent ethical literature submits to our consideration. These belong to two main currents of thought, the one, the Hegelian, having its course determined by the conception of the unity

of all existence, regarding all progress as the advancing manifestation of the absolute unity; the other, the utilitarian, having its course determined by the conception of evolution from an unknown to an unknown—from an uncertain past, hid in the mists of remote mountain ranges, to an uncertain future dimly discerned in the expectations of humanity—but an actual and manifest evolution in which all sentient being is contributing to movement by its search for happiness. As thus generally described, it is clear that these two theories, while widely separated in their main courses, have certain points of approximation deserving notice as they bear on philosophical research. In the one case there is an avowal of certainty as to the origin and destiny of the universe; in the other a proclamation of uncertainty, wearing a form of more or less pronounced agnosticism. But they agree not only in recognizing progression in the history of the universe—on which all thinkers are agreed—but in contemplating this progression as the distinguishing feature of the universe as a whole, and the true key to its interpretation. Accordingly, under both schemes, man is to be interpreted by reference to this—in accordance with some scheme of evolution—and his practical life is regarded as only a crowning feature in the general advance, the crest of the wave formed on the surface of the totality of being pressed forward on its determined course.

The comparison of the theories may be advantageously conducted by reference to two works which are typical and may be accepted as representative—Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics* and Sidgwick's *Methods of Ethics*—each author having made account of the other's work. In referring to these we keep strictly to ethical philosophy.

Ethical theory must be founded on the essential characteristics of moral life as illustrated in human history. It is a life which constantly implies an intelligent distinction between transitory wishes or inclinations and an ideal of life as a whole—between desire or craving and an intelligent conception of some higher rule of conduct. The test of the philosophic worth of a theory is the extent to which it is a veritable explanation of these contrasts.

For absolute idealism, the moral life of man is a higher manifestation of the absolute one than is found in nature, or in lower phases of life. To criticise this conception of the unity of existence, with progressiveness in history, does not belong to the present purpose. It is enough here if it be understood that unity of existence is the

characteristic doctrine of absolute idealism in whatever form it appears. Green has put it concisely thus: "When we thus speak of the human self, or the man, reacting upon circumstances, . . . we mean by it a certain reproduction of itself on the part of the eternal self-conscious subject of the world."* The perplexity for the theory is to explain how vice and virtue appear as contrasts in human history, under conditions of self-determination. But, for the present we throw the darker problem of moral evil as far as possible out of sight, in order to concentrate attention on the view of the virtuous life, which should practically include the whole range of problems.

In moral life there is not only development or unfolding of natural powers, as in all life, but there is intelligent effort, implying purpose or end present to the self-conscious agent, with striving, even struggle, towards an ideal by fulfilment of some recognized law of conduct. Under the scheme in question this is capable of interpretation on two sides—on the absolute side, and on the human personal side. The latter engages special attention for the present; the reflective exercise, the sight and sense of duty, the purpose, the struggle—what do all these mean from a philosophic point of view? Green shapes the answer thus: "The particular human self or person . . . in every moral action . . . presents to itself some possible state or achievement of its own, as for the time its greatest good, and acts for the sake of that good."† This, though an accurate account of much that occurs in human history, is not a description of moral action, far less the essence of such action. The self-regarding disposition, and the effort to gain satisfaction, are conspicuous in the statement, but the ideal is wanting, whether in the form of right action or of the general conception of life as a whole. What we recognize as wanting is rational *law*, essential to the conception of morals, the Kantian Imperative—the sense of obligation recognized by the rational idealist who points to an absolute law known to the person as the condition of his being.

If there be any ideal really involved in the statement quoted, it is that of the current sense of satisfaction in the individual agent; not always a regard to his good on the whole, though it is capable of being elevated to that extent. A deeper interpretation is to be offered as Green unfolds the content of rational self-satisfaction, but how can a wider acceptation be found except on the admission here

* *Prolegomena to Ethics*, p. 102, § 99. † *Ib.*, p. 102, § 99.

of absolute moral law, superior to the desire for self-gratification? If this be not admitted, then absolute idealism here approximates to utilitarianism so closely that a very narrow strip of land keeps them apart. The idea present to the agent is "the idea of his own good," on which he "makes circumstances converge." There seems nothing here to which the modern utilitarian need object, except that it seems too much to close him in to the acceptance of egoistic hedonism, mere regard to his own individual satisfaction, as the rule of conduct. Against this extreme, necessarily painful to a high-minded man, absolute idealism will, however, take its precautions, as well as present day utilitarianism. Still, it will appear that a theory of predetermined evolution of the absolute idea in the history of humanity labors under such serious difficulties that naturalism may well find in the facts additional reason for dislike of the speculative side of the theory, even though it approximates to utilitarianism in its account of the search for self-satisfaction.

The point of critical interest here is the manner in which Green has endeavored to guard against misinterpretation and perverse application in practice, while maintaining that moral activity is a "personal self-seeking agency."* He immediately interposes a warning, that there is a "distinction between that sort of self-seeking which is the characteristic of all action susceptible of moral attributes, and that which is specially characteristic of bad moral action."† That is to say, there is a self-seeking which is the essence of the morally right, and there is a self-seeking which is the essence of the morally wrong. If it be so, there will be need for much refining in language, as well as subtle analysis in practice, in order to keep the lines straight. Help may be found in the breadth of reference and elevation of sentiment belonging to a theory which attributes activity to an "all-uniting, self-seeking, self-realizing subject,"‡ but this will not rid us of the difficulties adhering to a theory which depicts moral life as a "self-seeking agency." At this point, there does not seem much to choose as we turn from "the naturalistic view of human action" to the absolute idealistic view.§ The two theories run on nearly parallel lines into the midst of the same perplexities. The puzzle for both is this—how to escape a self-regarding disposition inconsistent with the subjection of personality to universal law. No clear escape from this perplexity seems open to either theory. Neither Green

* *Prolegomena*, p. 103, § 99.
† *Ib.*, Note, p. 103.
‡ *Ib.*, p. 104, § 100.
§ *Ib.*, p. 111.

nor Sidgwick has succeeded in clearing the track. Both turn to "the susceptibilities in which the desires themselves originate,"* and here we are hopelessly entangled in the individualistic and subjective, and are unable to reach the universal and objective. Nothing seems clearer than this, that moral life means superiority to susceptibilities—life moving on the higher plane determined by universal law. Here the superiority formally belongs to Sidgwick, for he recognizes the need for an intuitional starting point in order that he may develop a utilitarian scheme of interpretation.

The perplexity is readily made apparent by selection of a few positions from Green's discussions. The contrast between animal and rational life appears in "the transition from mere want to consciousness of a wanted object; from the impulse to satisfy the want, to an effort for realization of the idea of the wanted object."† "It is characteristic of the world of practice that its constituents are objects of which the existence in consciousness, as *wanted*, is prior to and conditions their existence in reality."‡ "The Ego identifies itself with some desire, and sets itself to bring into real existence the ideal object, of which the consciousness is involved in the desire."§ Moral action is that in which the agent is "seeking to realize an idea of his own good which he is conscious of presenting to himself."‖ There is a "perpetual discovery by the man that he is not satisfied, that he has not found the personal good which he sought."¶ Hence "practical thought" is essential to "our inner life,"** and has an important "bearing on the state of soul or character to which the terms good or bad in the moral sense are applied."†† The possibility of such "practical thought" implies "a soul which desires in understanding and in desiring understands."‡‡

There must, therefore, as the condition of moral progress, be discrimination between desires, and indentification with one, to the rejection of another. Whence arises this discrimination? Not from susceptibilities, but from a power superior to these, capable of making them objects of reflection, and of deciding between them. Hence follow certain conclusions bearing on the interpretation of our moral life—that susceptibilities do not regulate moral life, but some universal law of conduct demanding their government; that practical life under moral law cannot be represented as a "personal,

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* *Prolegomena*, p. 130.
† *Ib.*, page 91.
‡ *Ib.*, page 92.
§ *Ib.*, page 106.
‖ *Ib.*, page 111.
¶ *Ib.*, page 114.
** *Ib.*, page 138.
†† *Ib.*, page 130.
‡‡ *Ib.*, page 141.

self-seeking agency;" and that self-interest, or our good on the whole, is incapable of being represented to the understanding without reference to a law of conduct to which the whole life has been placed in subjection. The use of the term "moral" was introduced at too early a stage, when it was applied to a man's act in "seeking to realize an idea of his own good which he is conscious of presenting to himself;" and if we postpone the introduction of the term to a later stage, the theory resting on susceptibilities and describing life as a self-seeking agency is abandoned.

While bringing out this result, it is needful to give prominence to the grander conception of moral life which absolute idealism presents. The evolution belonging to absolute idealism receives as effective check as the evolution propounded by a naturalistic scheme; nevertheless the one has a grander conception of life than the other. Though the theories approximate in the value assigned to susceptibilities, there is a wide difference between them when the one speaks of the full unfolding of the possibilities of human nature, the other of the attainment of the greatest happiness. A self-seeking principle clings to both; regard to the common good is conspicuous with both; but the true development of the whole man is greater than the maximum of happiness. It is true, the two things cannot be separated in human history; full development must bring with it the highest happiness, and the greatest happiness can be found only by the full development of our nature. This intimate relation has been fully recognized in both schemes; but the position of the central point of observation counts for much in philosophy. It virtually determines our conception of the universe as a whole. It gives such direction to the line of vision as to make two theories, closely allied as we have seen them to be, seem wide asunder. It involves a difference so great that the one takes the whole order of its conceptions from the supernatural, the other from the natural. In this way the materials for philosophic controversy are stored, and the antagonism of the theories becomes manifest. Idealism and naturalism may seem to approximate, but it proves to be for collision, not for fusion. We are here on the borders of a wide discussion, into the merits of which it is impossible now to enter.

Absolute idealism is at once too high and too low in its attempt to read existence—rising too high in seeking to bring all existence into the absolute, descending too low to find the development of moral life from susceptibilities, making desire the key to practical life.

Yet this overstraining is inevitable for the scheme. With restriction of range absolute idealism disappears. On its own lines, it fails in its dialectic of moral life, being inadequate as a philosophy of the law of moral life, and of the possibility of personal fulfilment of this law. It tends to obscure within the same cloud the representation of absolute law, and the action of will in its fulfilment.

Naturalism, as it seeks to read moral life in terms of utilitarian significance, never rises high enough to afford a full representation of ethical law. Pleasure is desirable; the desirable for one is the desirable for all; each will gain the most for himself when the utmost is secured for all; therefore a constant regard to the greatest happiness of the greatest number will be the wisest and best rule for all. If this is on a lower level, it has the merit of presenting an accurate calculus. The facts of life are at least in harmony with it, bearing out the reasoning as far as it goes. The question is, whether it is within the ethical sphere at all, or needs to have ethical ideas supplied from without—from some higher region not within view here. The agreeable, the desirable, and the fusion of individual and general interests are all clear, but where is the *ought* of an ethical life? It is true, as Sidgwick proclaims, that "I cannot regard my own happiness as intrinsically more desirable than the equal happiness of any one else."* The statement means that my happiness is not intrinsically more desirable *to me*, than the equal happiness of another is *to him*. But the question which is unanswered is this: Why *ought* the happiness of another, or of a number, to be more desirable *to me*, or more resolutely sought *by me*, than my own happiness?

Absolute idealism and naturalism are both in perplexity as to the source of ethical ideas, though in different ways. Granting the unity of existence, and that all things are the expression of movement originated, sustained, and consummated in the manifestation of the absolute, how can there be an *ought* applicable to the higher stages of evolution—how can there be anything but the inevitable? On the other side, granting that pleasure and pain are our "two great masters," how can man do more, or be called upon to contemplate more, than guide himself by an estimate of his best chances under the conditions of existence which he must accept? Both show themselves insufficient to provide such a philosophy as the present time specially needs—a philosophy of the self-conscious life swayed by the imperative of moral law. Man is to himself the greatest mystery in the

* *Methods of Ethics*, B. III., Ch. xiii.

universe—a mystery destined to break up philosophical theories in our day, as in the past; yet must we go on constructing and reconstructing, for only thus can the progress be secured which is the condition of intellectual existence.

Criticism is essential to the work of construction; without it the conception of reconstruction must vanish. Hence the criticism which absolute idealism expends on naturalism; hence the return in kind which comes from utilitarianism. In this conflict a comparative superiority is apt to be the end immediately contemplated; wittingly or unwittingly, the progress of human thought is the result. From this stand-point, considerable interest gathers around the critical representation of a rival theory, coming from the upholder of another. Green affords a striking illustration. * In stating "the points at issue with the utilitarians," he admits agreement with them, "in holding that ordinary judgments upon the moral value of actions must be founded on consideration of their effects alone."† But he adds: "The effects to be considered, according to our view, will be different from those of which the utilitarian, according to his principles, would take account. They will be effects not in the way of producing pleasure, but in the way of contributing to that perfection of mankind, of which the essence is a good will on the part of all persons." ‡ Taking the comparison as here stated, it will be generally admitted to be fairly put—perfection and pleasure being the respective ends brought into prominence by these rival theories. No less clear is the superiority of aim raised into view by idealism, though it seems needful to recognize that there is a sense in which each would grant the position of the other, for it will be admitted that the truest happiness is to be found in the highest development of the nature, and that it is not to be found in any other way. But if perfection and happiness are set in contrast, the perfection of our being is manifestly the higher end. Yet there is an advantage for the utilitarian scheme in the prominence assigned to the common happiness of men.

But the inadequacy of both becomes increasingly obvious the more it is pondered. Happiness is too much of a transitory experience, and is connected with excellence of character in a way too indirect, to be accepted as an adequate expression of what is best in life. Mill's distinction of different kinds of pleasure as higher and lower is the admission of this. On the other hand, the requirements

* See his statement of the question, *Prolegomena*, B. III., Ch. i., § 155.
† B. IV., C. i., § 294. ‡ *Ibid.*

of our practical life are not met by representing the perfection of our nature as the ultimate end of action. The reason for doing justice to others cannot be found in the contribution such action makes toward the development of the agent. It is one-sided, abstract, and inconsistent with the demands of practical life, to suggest that moral agents should settle what actions are right by reference to the reaction conduct has on character. There is even a measure of the grotesque in the suggestion that a man should pay his debts *because* it will contribute to self-development. There is no risk of the connection between conduct and character being denied; the value of well-doing as the leading factor in moral progress will be unreservedly admitted; but it is only because payment of debts is in itself a right thing, only because we have the conception of *oughtness* associated with the act, that we find the possibility of discipline in moral life. And finally, it is inconsistent with the lofty character of ethical life to maintain, that when perfection has been reached the life-work is done. On the contrary, it is only when perfection has been attained, only when self-realization has been completed, that the real work of ethical life can be truly, because adequately, undertaken and successfully achieved. What the Christian religion promises in an immortal life, is the accomplishment in unwearied activity of the ideal of moral law.

HENRY CALDERWOOD.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SECULAR SPIRIT.

CHRISTIANITY is a more pervasive, dominant, and beneficent force than either its friends or its foes ordinarily appreciate. Like many other mighty forces it works largely in silence. It does not give out a loud report when it undermines some hoary error, or establishes some benignant truth. God's great heavens and his vast laboratory in the earth give forth, for the most part, no sound in their gigantic movements. God's greatest works are performed in silent realms. Christianity is no exception to this law. Like its Founder, it comes not with observation. Heathen thinkers and writers of the early centuries of Christianity were strangely ignorant of its power, and, apparently, even of its presence. Their silence is surprising; it is almost unaccountable. In the mean time Christianity was leavening literature, philosophy, art, government, and social life; it was the force hidden in the very heart of society which was to some degree to affect the whole Roman world. But even in our own day many men are strangely thoughtless as to the place and power of Christianity among the roborant forces of modern life. Its predominance and beneficence, like the majesty and glory of the sun, are with many Christians even matters of course. Some who are the foes of Christianity do not, because they will not, recognize its influence at its full value. It was prophesied of its divine Founder that "he should not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street"; and also that "he shall bring forth judgment unto truth; he shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

Our Lord's life was a literal fulfilment of this ancient prophecy. The history of his Church since his ascension is equally a fulfilment of the prophecy so far as it relates to the progress of Christian truth. Nothing is more certain than that Christ is to reign until all his enemies are put under his feet; and that the gates of hades shall not prevail against his Church. The world is not growing worse. It never was so good as it is at this hour. The Church never was so intelligent, so benevolent, and so consecrated as it is to-day. It is readily admitted that greater prominence is given in our day to certain evils

in society than was formerly the case. But this is not because the evils are greater than ever before; it is rather because the desire to remove them is greater than ever before. The shadows are deeper because the light is brighter. No quarter of a century in the world's history is so marked with great moral conflicts and conquests as is the third quarter of this century. We do not hesitate to say that it has no parallel in any period, before or since the Christian era. We have seen during this generation many millions of serfs emancipated in Russia; we have seen the temporal power of the Pope destroyed, and Victor Emanuel in triumph entering Rome as king of United Italy; we have seen the greatest civil war of the world waged on our own soil, and ending in the triumph of liberty and the establishment of the Republic on enduring foundations. What has been the influence of Christianity in bringing about these and other beneficent results? What is the relation of Christianity to the spirit of the times in which we live? This is a proper question. To it a fair answer can be given.

Let us, in the first place, look at the relation between Christianity and the scientific spirit of the time.

Many timid Christians think there is a necessary opposition between Christianity and science. Many narrow-minded scientists take the same ground, with an air of triumph which is as ill-founded in fact as it is unjustifiable in spirit. Between established science and Christianity there is not, there cannot be, contradiction. God is one; truth is one. God cannot contradict himself; what he has written in his Word, if rightly understood, must harmonize with what he has written in his world, if properly interpreted. Christianity welcomes all forms of right inquiry; her spirit builds our academies, our colleges, and our schools of professional learning. We frankly admit that the Church at times has acted ignorantly, bigotedly, and wickedly toward science and scientists. Unfortunately, science and scientists have acted with equal ignorance, bigotry, and wickedness toward the Church. The Church, for the most part, has now been converted, and science has also, to some degree, experienced a change of heart; but it ought to be remembered that if the Church in the middle ages was hostile to science, science at that time was so unscientific as to be worthy of but little respect. Perhaps the case of Galileo and his ecclesiastical opponents has already done sufficient service in illustrating the ignorance and bigotry of the Church; but there are some sides to the subject which are not often presented.

The Church of that day was no fair representative of the Church of later days. Religion and science, both and equally, were in sad need of a reformation. To make the Church of to-day responsible for the Church of that day would be as unfair, as unscientific, as to make the science of to-day responsible for all the vagaries of the so-called science of that day. It is humiliating that not only did the Roman Catholic Church of the time oppose Galileo, but even Luther and Melancthon wrote against the Copernican system. They regarded it as opposed to the authority of the Bible. Galileo's teachings triumphed when clear evidence was adduced for their support. But it is to be remembered, and constantly emphasized, that those who first excited persecution against Galileo were not ecclesiastics but scientists. This was natural. His teachings corrected their ignorance; they must either confess it, or attack him. It was natural that they should do the latter, and they did it with a will. These were the men—men of science—who obliged him to fly from Pisa and to seek the protection of Salviati. It was, of course, guilty presumption in him to contradict, "by experiments made from the top of the Leaning Tower, the theorem of Aristotle which declared that 'the velocity of the motion of falling bodies is in proportion to their weight.'" Out of this opposition and flight came the professorship in the University of Padua. Some of his subsequent troubles came when he left the sphere of science, and entered the domain of Scripture interpretation. He declared "that in Scripture there were propositions which were false in the literal sense of the words . . . and that in all natural questions philosophical argument should have more weight than mere scriptural declaration." To this bold utterance the reply of Cardinal Baronius was as considerate as it was conclusive: "The Scriptures were given to teach men how to rise to heaven, not how the heavens were made." But the court of Rome and the inquisitors of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, before whom he was summoned, declared that the Copernican theory of the revolution of the earth was not only false in itself but was contrary to Scripture. These titled dignitaries, the infallible Pope and the erudite Congregation, anticipated the conclusions to which John Jasper has come in our day by his own method of investigation. The fact is that every science which has struggled into recognition has had to wage a fierce war with ignorant men of science as truly as with ignorant men of theology. It is also true that almost as soon as men of science have agreed among themselves as to the recog-

nition and place of the new science, theologians have been ready to give it its rightful recognition and place. It is not necessarily to the discredit of science and theology that they are slow to give honor to every new claimant for a niche in the temple of knowledge. It is an impertinence for men of science to expect men of theology to give credit to the undigested thinking and the unverified theories of scientific men. Christianity wants truth. She welcomes it from whatever quarter it comes and by whomsoever it is brought. She is so sure of her position that she rejoices in it more than in all riches. She is willing to buy it at any price; she will sell it at no price.

Newton's discoveries also had to fight their way to recognition against opposition on the part of some theologians and scientists. Some theologians considered that he was invading the domain of Deity, was usurping God's place and limiting his power, if not driving him out of his world. A friend, who was himself an expert in science and whose theological orthodoxy was not suspected, wrote an able treatise defending Newton and commending his discoveries. To-day no friend of Christianity fears the discoveries of astronomical science in all their broad and sublime ranges. The Christianity which feared these discoveries, was religiously as unchristian as the early astrology was astronomically unscientific. We now smile at the follies of both. Men like Chalmers and Mitchel have shown the harmony between God's truths in the heavens and on the page of inspiration. We now see that the heavens are the tapestry into which God has woven some of his most brilliant thoughts. But it is little more than a generation since Christians trembled for the ark of God, and unbelievers rejoiced that it was fully and finally in the hands of the Philistines, because both alike thought that astronomy, and related sciences, were to destroy the Bible and to dethrone God.

Geology has passed through a similar experience. At present biology is among the most speculative of sciences; it is still in its nebulous state. Men are still searching for the origin of life. Evermore it has eluded their search. Perhaps it will be discovered; if it be so, God will be its author. It seems to be settled, so far as anything in science can be settled, that all attempts to get life out of death have failed. Drummond says that "spontaneous generation has had to be given up." Huxley affirms that the doctrine that life can come only from life is "victorious along the whole line of the present day." And, contrary to his own wish, Tyndall says, "I affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to

prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life." Beyond this we have not gone. Should we go farther, we have no fears of the final result.

Analogous statements may be made regarding the discussion of evolution. Herbert Spencer defines evolution as "consisting in a progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from general to special, from the simple to the complex." Some hints of this idea are found in the earliest times. The chaotic or mundane egg was an old Egyptian cosmological myth. Other nations also held to the idea of a development in creation; some philosophers believing that "an intelligent power or *nous*, infinite and self-existent," presided over the atoms, giving them orderly arrangement; others, as represented in the poem of Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*, supposing that chance wrought from numberless atoms the existing order of things. Coming down at one step to our own day, Wallace and Darwin, in 1858, "separately proposed the hypothesis of the origin of species by spontaneous variation, and the survival of the fittest through natural selection and the struggle for existence." Darwin's treatise on the *Origin of Species* appeared in 1859. Then came many supporters and opposers. Doubtless the great majority of the scientists of our day are on the side of some form of evolution. The idea has been applied by different writers to sociology, to history, to mind, and to theology. Almost no one now doubts "that creation has had a history"; that it is the result of a series of acts running through millions of years. At the same time it is certain "that as it has been pursued in time, so also it has been pursued by method." "There is an observed order of facts in the history of creation, both in the organic and in the inorganic world." As Hartshorne has shown, Prof. Asa Gray, Doctor McCosh, Baden Powell, the Duke of Argyll, and others, all teach the view of orderly creation by law, under the immediate action of divine power working by natural causes or forces. This power, as he says, has been rightly described as a theory not of supernatural or miraculous interference, but rather of *creative evolution.* Mivart joins the Duke of Argyll in showing that there is no antagonism between creation and evolution. The question, as they suggest, is simply whether creative power was exerted only at the beginning of the process, or all along the line of development. There are unbridged gaps in the theory of evolution; but we are willing to admit that the facts establish evolution, at least, as a "working

hypothesis." But does evolution eliminate the evidences for the existence of the Creator, and the proofs of design in his creation? Scientists, such as Carpenter, Dana, Agassiz, Henry, Asa Gray, and others of the highest class, deny the insufficiency of the proofs of design in nature. They positively refuse "to admit the elimination of special creative action, or direct modification of nature, from all periods since the first origination of the universe." As Leifchild, quoted by Hartshorne, says, "The assertion that 'no will has evolved will,' is as absurd as '*ex nihilo aliquid.*'" Evolution implies an evolver; nothing can be evolved which has not been involved. We do not take from God's power, wisdom, and glory because we place his primal creative act far back in the line of development; we add to his glory by so doing. There is a development in the divine plan in the Old and New Testaments; in the dispensations of patriarchs, prophets, and kings until he came, who is Prophet of prophets and King of kings. "The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did." (Heb. vii. 19.) There is a Christian evolution; God is the evolver, and truth in its highest forms is the result. With Professor Gray, in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1872, as quoted by Hartshorne, we may well say:

"Let us hope that the religious faith which survived, without a shock, the notion of the fixity of the earth itself, may equally outlast the notion of the absolute fixity of the species which inhabit it; that in the future, even more than in the past, *faith in an order*, which is the basis of science, will not (as it cannot reasonably) be dissevered from faith in an *Ordainer*, which is the basis of religion."

Placing God farther back in the line of development certainly does not exclude him. If he has given the germ the power of development, his wisdom, skill, and forethought are as conspicuous as if the divine power was immediately exerted. A law of development has no power. Law is only the name which we give to a force observed to act in a special way. Back of law is the Law-giver; back of the observed order of the development is the Ordainer. There stands God!

Another cause of premature alarm on the part of many Christians, and of premature rejoicing on the part of some enemies of Christianity, is found in the spirit of historic inquiry which marks our time. This inquiry covers a wide range. We may look at it, first, in its relations to comparative religions. The opening of great areas of heathendom to the introduction of Christianity is, at the

same time, the opening of Christendom to the possible introduction of some elements of heathenism. This Christianity must expect; this Christianity should welcome. Here, as in other realms, the fittest must survive. The true ground of the worship of God is not his omnipotence, but his goodness. Mere almightiness might bend the knee, but it could not secure the reverent love of the heart. We worship God because he is the infinitely best being in the universe. If there is a better being than God, that being must be our God. If Christianity cannot endure, when subjected to all forms of practical testing, the comparison with other religions, then Christianity must go, ought to go, and certainly will go. The world ought to have the best; it will have the best. Does any Christian fear this test? All Christians must meet it. There are certain philosophers in our country who are practically heathen. Some are Buddhists, some Baalists, some Confucianists, some Parsees or Hindoos, and some, practically, are Mohammedans. To some there is a fascination in conceiving of heathen religions as developing by some mysterious evolution into Christianity. By a similar process Christianity, according to this view, may some day develop into some other form of faith; and that, in turn, may give way to another and another, until the perfect flower of faith and hope blossoms and blooms. All fair-minded men admit that in the sacred books of these non-Christian religions there is much of beauty, worth, and truth. Amid bushels of chaff some kernels of wheat are found; amid much of rubbish there are diamond truths. It ought not to startle us that among heathen nations contemporary with the early years of biblical teaching, truths similar to those taught in the Bible are found. Much of this truth doubtless found its way among the heathen nations from the people of God; much of the light of heathenism came from torches kindled on Hebrew altars. All of it certainly came by some means from God. He alone is the Sun of the moral universe. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." We have the Apostle Peter as our authority in the noble utterance that "in every nation he that feareth him [God], and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." The writings of Mr. Edwin Arnold have done much, in opening up the wealth of that gorgeous East, to commend the religions of Buddha and Mohammed; other influences have commended the teachings of Confucius and the rituals of the Parsees. A poetic glamour has been thrown over these ancient faiths, adding splendor to what in them is beautiful, and concealing what is hideous. Many men who

are strangely incredulous about everything Christian are hopelessly credulous about everything non-Christian. We have seen these faiths making converts of missionaries sent into their lands, and even coming to our land to push their conquests among some devoteés of a dreamy, mystical culture. The discussions now rife in England, and to some degree in America, regarding Doctor Blyden's admitted tendencies toward Islamism, and Canon Taylor's concession regarding its influence in Africa, point in the same direction. Those who knew Doctor Blyden's history and character are not much surprised at his present attitude, and it is certain that Canon Taylor's opinions are largely influenced by one-sided authorities. Christians, however, have reason to hide their heads in shame when fiends in human form in Christian countries are furnishing these ignorant Africans with liquor which is making their degradation deeper and their future darker than before the light of Christianity shone on their land.

Just at the point where the argument from comparative religions was pressed against Christianity, two noted witnesses arose to give their testimony in favor of Christianity. They are Sir Monier Williams, Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, and Prof. Max Müller. Both of these men have spent years in the study of these ancient religions; few men are so familiar with the teachings which some desire to put in competition with Christianity. Their tastes and tendencies might make them incline toward these non-Christian religions. Indeed, Professor Müller showed a little time ago a decided bias in their favor. This writer distinctly remembers how unfavorably his own mind was once affected toward Christianity by Professor Müller's elaborate work on *The Origin and Growth of Religions*. Sir Monier Williams is free to confess that when he began investigating Hindooism and Buddhism, he also was prejudiced in their favor. As a result of his earlier and incomplete studies he began to be a believer in the evolution and growth of religious thought; he considered these faiths to be steps in the development of religious aspirations struggling toward Christianity. Now he affirms his mistake. He denounces the "flabby, jelly-fish toleration" which refuses to see the difference between what is Christian and what is non-Christian. He ends his address at the late anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, in London, with these remarkable and eloquent words:

"Go forth, then, ye missionaries, in your Master's name; go forth into all the world, and, after studying all its false religions and philosophies, go forth, and

fearlessly proclaim to suffering humanity the plain, the unchangeable, the eternal facts of the Gospel—nay, I might almost say, the stubborn, the unyielding, the inexorable facts of the Gospel. Dare to be downright with all the uncompromising courage of your own Bible, while with it your watchwords are love, joy, peace, reconciliation. Be fair, be charitable, be Christ-like; but let there be no mistake. Let it be made absolutely clear that Christianity cannot, must not, be watered down to suit the palate of either Hindoo, Parsee, Confucianist, Buddhist or Mohammedan; and whosoever wishes to pass from the false religion to the true can never hope to do so by the rickety planks of compromise, or by the help of faltering hands held out by half-hearted Christians. He must leap the gulf in faith, and the living Christ will spread his everlasting arms beneath and land him safe on the eternal Rock."

In Max Müller's address given before the British and Foreign Bible Society, equally strong language in favor of Christianity is used. After having named the Veda of the Brahmins, the Puranas of Siva and Vishnu, the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Zend-Avesta of the Parsees, and the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, he goes on to say:

"They all say that salvation must be purchased, must be bought with a price; and that the sole price, the sole purchase money, must be our own works and deservings. Our own holy Bible, our sacred Book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are, indeed, enjoined upon us in that sacred Book of the East; but they are only the outcome of a grateful heart—they are only a thank-offering, the fruits of our faith. They are never the ransom-money of the true disciples of Christ. Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true and of good report in those sacred books, but let us teach Hindoos, Buddhists, Mohammedans, that there is only one sacred Book of the East that can be their mainstay in that awful hour when they shall pass alone into the unseen world. It is the sacred Book which contains that faithful saying, worthy to be received of all men, women and children, and not merely of us Christians—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

These words are timely; they thrill and rejoice our hearts. It is clear that the most advanced students in these wide fields bring back testimony to the exclusive claims of Christianity to be the faith of the race. The men who go deep into Christianity and its relations with other religions do not fail to give their testimony in its favor. It is the men who have picked up a "little learning" at second hand that are found to oppose the claims of Christianity when compared with other religions. Shallow scholars are ever noisy critics.

There is not the slightest doubt but that in the end good will come out of the discussion of the relative merits of Christianity and Islamism in Africa to-day. The errors in Christianity, so far as it is held responsible for the liquor traffic and kindred evils, will be cor-

rected, and its superiority will be discovered and declared. The cross and not the crescent is destined to rule the world.

All the historical and topographical inquiries now going on in Bible lands will, we fully believe, result in giving additional testimony to the truth of God's Word and the value of Christianity. We welcome such investigations. From hoary rocks, from Egyptian sands, and from ivy-covered ruins God is raising up witnesses in support of our Christian faith. It is equally certain that the fierce fires of historical criticism through which the Bible is now passing will not in the end shake the faith of true disciples. It is barely possible that Shakespeare will live when Ignatius Donnelly is dead. Homer survives, although the names of the critics who denied that he ever lived are fast passing out of memory. Some of our interpretations of the Bible may have to be modified, some theories abandoned; but God's eternal truth shall abide: "The word of our God shall stand forever."

When we come to the relation between Christianity and the social problems of the time, we find cause for greater activity in disseminating the principles of Christianity, but no cause for distrust in its divine claims, noble achievements, or practical possibilities. When socialism assumes the form of anarchy, there can be no relation between it and Christianity but one of "irrepressible conflict." Christianity favors liberty; but liberty is not license. Liberty is obedience to just law; the highest liberty is submission to God and conformity to his will as revealed in his Word. Anarchy is un-American, unmanly, and ungodly. It is a plant of foreign production, a satanic exotic which can never become fully rooted in American soil. When socialism becomes anarchy it is fit only for destruction. When men come to America with a red flag in one hand and a dynamite bomb in the other, they must be quarantined for their natural lives. An examination of the lives of the Anarchists recently hanged shows that they never had any Christian training. Had they been educated in its doctrines, they would never have made, certainly would never have hurled, the fatal bomb. They learned to think of Christianity as their enemy; they, in turn, became its enemies. These facts are worthy of careful consideration by all Christians and all other good citizens. We cannot afford to neglect the Christian training of any of our people; we must do our part toward training all the nations of the earth, especially those whose representatives are likely to come to us. Atheism is anarchistic. Sow infidelity, and you reap

anarchism, impurity, death. Every atheist is at heart an anarchist. Anarchism is the flower and fruit of atheism. No consistent infidel is, or can be, a good citizen. True Christianity alone is the harmonizer of all the conflicting interests of society. It is the true anti-poverty and the true temperance society. It alone can elevate the "masses"; it alone can reclaim the fallen. Dr. Alexander MacLeod, in his *Christus Consolator*, says, that "when Oersted first exhibited to Frederika Bremer the beautiful and now familiar experiment of sand-grains upon a glass plate arranging themselves, under the influence of a musical note, in symmetrical and harmonious figures, this reflection passed through the mind of the lady: 'A human hand made the stroke that produced the note. But when the stroke is made by the hand of the Almighty, will not the note then produced bring into exquisitely harmonious form those sand-grains which are human beings, communities, nations? It will arrange the world in beauty, and there shall be no discord, and no lamentation any more.'" This woman is right. All that is true in communism is the offspring of Christ's religion; all that is evil in communism is opposed by his Gospel. His religion is the cure for all the evils existing between employer and employed. Put Christ fully into the hearts of both, and injustice, oppression, and strikes will be impossible. Count Tolstoï is feeling after Christ. There is a Christian communism. It furnishes the only truly noble fellowship. Religion now, as in all the past, lifts nations and races out of barbarism into civilization, out of sin into holiness, from earth to heaven. So-called reformers and humanitarians who are infidel to Christ and his Gospel are the enemies of the poor, the enemies of the Republic, the enemies of the race. Those who would lift their hand against the Bible, against the Sabbath, against Christ, are the enemies of the best interests of all classes for time as well as eternity.

Religion would vastly reduce the number of the poor. It is the friend of industry and all kindred virtues; it is the foe of intemperance and all kindred vices. The poor do not so much need bread as the character and the opportunity to earn bread. Religion in the heart, to a large degree, will give both. Much is said about carrying the loaf with the tract. The idea has in it truth, but it has been overworked. It is instructive to remember that only twice did Christ use divine power to give bread to the multitude, and in both cases the circumstances were peculiar. The poor need the religion of

Christ more than earthly bread. There were as many evils, as Doctor MacLeod suggests, in Christ's day as now. There were then the lapsed classes, the dwellers in lanes, the victims of sin and misery of every kind. What was Christ's cure? Evangelize them. Did he blunder! Was he lacking in gentleness and love! He was the true reformer, the divine humanitarian, the spiritual regenerator of the individual and the race.

There was a profound philosophy in his method. His spirit teaches the poor and the rich alike to recognize the poor man's manhood. This is a recognition of tremendous power. It gives hope, light, life to the poor. It gives those who are up tenderness for those who are down; and those who are down trustfulness toward those who are up. Christ's incarnation has lifted the world into the sunshine of hope and the promise of heaven. It has levelled society by lifting the down-trodden—levelled it up. Guizot says that

"Christianity has carried repentance even into the souls of nations. Pagan antiquity knew nothing of these awakenings of the public conscience. Tacitus could only deplore the decay of the ancient rites of Rome, and Marcus Aurelius could only wrap himself sorrowfully up in the stoical isolation of the sage; there is nothing to show that these superior minds so much as suspected the great crimes of their social state, even in its best days, or aspired to reform them."

The world's hope in every relation of life is in this old Gospel. It must have its place in every heart; it must throw its radiance over every home; it must be in every workshop and counting-house.

The spirit of the world divides society horizontally, each class selecting its corresponding layer. The spirit of Christianity divides society vertically, cutting through all the layers. True religion says, whether a man be black or white, red or yellow, rich or poor, "A man's a man for a' that." Away with the sentimental but Christless philanthropist! Away with the blatant and blasphemous infidel! The true friend of the rich, the poor, the fallen, of all classes, is Jesus Christ, the perfect, the Divine Man.

R. S. MACARTHUR.

LAW, LOGIC, AND GOVERNMENT.

A HIGH regard for law, and for precedent as an exponent of law, has always been a marked characteristic of English and American political methods. There can be no doubt of its political value. It is a good thing that a people should be able, from time to time, to gather up the results of political struggle into political and legal precedents, not to be disturbed without a renewal of struggle. And the importance of this feature of our political methods becomes greater as democracy becomes a wider power in the national life. While influence on politics was confined to a class, and that not a large one, every member of the political class was watchful, acute, and always ready to defend his particular shade of political opinion; and the change of precedent by subtlety and indirection was neither so dangerous nor so likely to be successful. Now that all men have influence on politics, the members of the political class have many other things than politics to attend to. They must build houses, lay railway tracks, saw timber, plead causes, treat diseases, and engage in every form of human activity, in addition to giving an occasional attention to politics. It is to their interest, then, that, when they have once given up their time and attention to a political struggle, that struggle should not be renewed again and again, or sprung upon them by surprise or indirection, but should be crusted into a precedent which they can leave for a time to defend and protect itself. Consciously or unconsciously, our branch of the human race has been very largely dominated by this feeling. Whatever the form taken by an opening struggle—parliamentary or revolutionary in England, revolutionary or constitutional in America—the first and instinctive questions have always been, How stands the law? What are the precedents? And the man or the party that has been able to find an intrenchment behind law and precedent has always felt it to be, if not an impregnable, at least a very strong, defensive position.

All this, of course, implies that law and its logic, though very potent elements in politics, are not to be final and conclusive; that the crust of precedent *may* be broken, if the impelling force is suffi-

ciently strong. This reservation is absolutely essential to the healthy development of the general principle; without it, the tendency is to check all development and to fix it into a Chinese rigidity. Even when the reservation is admitted, if the admission be not conscious and willing, but blind and extorted, the effects are to thwart or set back the natural development of the people. In this lies one of the dangers of democracy. A hundred years ago, the general horror of democracy was grounded largely in the belief that it would be a flighty, changeable, and perverse system; now all men are coming to recognize the fact that the danger is the other way; that the tendency of democracy, apart from race peculiarities, is to develop too strong a conservatism in the people, and to lead them to put too many impediments in the way of their own possible desires or needs for change. And even apart from the development of democracy, an implicit devotion to law and precedent, to the exclusion or disregard of purely political considerations, may have the worst effect on the decision of national questions, as it has on the way in which people regard them.

One illustration of the general truth may be found in the successive steps which led up to the American Revolution. The constitutional relations of the British North American colonies to the mother country had been pretty well defined, so far as legal theory was concerned, before 1760. To be sure, many items in the theory had been only tacitly accepted by the colonies; no direct occasion had arisen for their enforcement, and it would perhaps be more correct to say that they had not been repudiated than that they had been fully accepted. But these items were premises of others, whose enforcement had actually taken place and had been acquiesced in by the colonies, so that the whole system may fairly be said to have been the only recognized legal theory in 1760. If there had been any law schools or schools of history and political science in the colonies at that time, their students would certainly have been instructed, as to the relations between the mother country and the colonies, in exactly the terms used by Blackstone, in the fourth section of the Introduction to his *Commentaries*. These may be briefly summarized as follows: The colonies were not political bodies, but civil corporations, created by the Crown under the same limitations which attended the creation of any other English civil corporations. The King was their visitor, to see that they acted up to the end and design of their creation. They might be dissolved by his courts, on an

information in the nature of a writ of quo warranto; Blackstone considering the exercise of this power under Charles II. and James II., including of course the forfeiture of the Massachusetts charter, "sufficiently regular."* Above all, they were subject to legislation by Parliament, "which is boundless in its operations." All these consequences flowed from the single dictum that the colonies were "civil corporations;" and if its truth is admitted, it is difficult to point out any proceeding of the British Government from 1760 until 1775 which was technically "illegal."

Never until after 1760 were the colonies generally forced to consider their position as "civil corporations." From 1607 until 1760, Parliament was either indifferent, or engrossed in its struggle with the House of Stuart, or intent on maintaining its position as an "imperial Parliament" against kings of alien blood. It troubled the colonies little beyond passing Navigation Acts, and Acts in restraint of trade and manufactures; and these were so easily evaded,† or so little felt, that they raised no practical question for the colonies. From 1640 the Crown was also very much out of the combat, having enough to attend to at home; and the colonies were left quite to themselves, except during the later years of Charles II. and the few years of James II. From 1696 the affairs of the colonies were committed to a Board of Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, whose position was very peculiar. It had no voice in the Cabinet, nor access to the King. It drew up minute instructions for colonial officials, but had no power to enforce them, or to punish those who disobeyed the officials.‡ The only executive power in colonial affairs was that of the Secretary of State; and this office, for the twenty-four important years after 1724, was held by the Duke of Newcastle, who knew little of the colonies and cared for them less. For a quarter of a century the British colonies in North America grew and flourished under the kindly rule of King Log, caring little whether they were "civil corporations" or not.

* I. *Commentaries*, 485 (original paging).

† The affidavit of Sampson Toovey, in 1764 (5 *Bancroft*, 158), may show how. "I, Sampson Toovey, clerk to James Cockle, Esq., Collector of His Majesty's customs for the port of Salem, do declare on oath that ever since I have been in office it hath been customary for said Cockle to receive of the masters of vessels entering from Lisbon, casks of wine, boxes of fruit, etc., which was a gratuity for suffering their vessels to be entered with salt or ballast only, and passing over unnoticed such cargoes of wine, fruit, etc., which are prohibited to be imported into His Majesty's plantations. Part of which wine, fruit, etc., he, the said James Cockle, used to share with Governor Bernard."

‡ 4 *Bancroft*, 17.

And when, in 1748, Newcastle was succeeded by Bedford, and he by other more efficient secretaries, the great war which was to decide between the two leading European claimants to North America gave the colonies a further breathing-spell of twelve years.

The whole political sky changed in 1760. The new king was no Hanoverian, but an Englishman born and bred. He was the first king of his line who was fully in touch with his Parliament; and he had nothing to distract his attention from his North American colonies. The "imperial Parliament," successful by land and sea, and only waiting for its overthrown opponents to make up their minds to swallow the terms of an inevitable peace, longed to assume in the face of the world its world-wide dominion. Its members, prepared by systematic corruption,* were anxious for a wider field for the enjoyment of it; and the increase of debt and taxation was partly an incentive to, partly an excuse for, a prompt assertion of powers over the colonies. The time had come for the practical application of the whole legal theory of parliamentary sovereignty;† and the ministry began the work in 1761 by enforcing, for the first time, the Navigation Acts and the Acts in restraint of colonial trade. Naval officers were encouraged to take the customs oaths, and to act as customs officers; American commerce was attacked everywhere; and all the coast was lined with a new preventive corps. One feature of the new system was an application for writs of assistance, or general warrants, for the detection of smugglers. The colonists, stunned by the opening phases of the new order of things, began by denying the legality of these writs. But the law, as it has been stated above, was on the side of the mother country; and the logic of her agents in its application of the law to this particular case was pitiless. A statute of Charles II. had allowed writs of assistance in such cases to be issued by the Court of Exchequer, corresponding to the Massachusetts Superior Court; and a statute of William III. had given the revenue officers in America the right to "like assistance" as in England. Would the "civil corporations" of North America except to the "boundless operation" of Acts of Parliament? Or would they submit at once to "ad-

* Green's *English People*, sections 1468, 1469, 1475, 1480.

† As these pages are passing through the press, the sixth volume of Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of the United States* is published. In its first article, "The Revolution Impending," by Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, the reader will find the *legal* position of the British Government more fully stated than in this article, but with substantially the same conclusions.

mitted law," applied by flawless logic? For the moment the colonists dumbly submitted; but from that time John Adams could never read the Acts of Trade without anger, "nor any section of them without a curse;" and it is not probable that his was an isolated case. Proceeding from the enforcement of the Acts of Trade, the ministry next ordered the royal governors to grant no more judicial commissions to continue during good behavior, but to make them all terminable at the King's pleasure. This might be an inexpedient step, but it was logically a part of the legal theory, as stated above; for these so-called American "judges" were not in reality judges, but rather royal commissioners empowered to define the by-laws of certain "civil corporations"; and, like our Territorial "judges," their term might be made whatever the supreme power might please. Did logic force the colonists back to an acquiescence in this new application of the whole theory? Not at all: it only forced them to take the first step in the evolution of a counter theory of their own —one which, in its final form, was absolutely irreconcilable with the original theory. This first step was altogether negative; the New York Assembly decided to vote no salaries to judges appointed *durante bene placito;* and this, in its turn, brought out the next step in the application of the original theory. Resolving, in the meantime, that the judges should receive salaries from the royal quitrents, the ministry went on to elaborate that system of 1765 by which stamp taxation was to support both the judges and a standing army to uphold the judges.

Hesitating for a moment, the colonies settled at first on this distinction: that their previous acknowledgments of the "boundless operation" of Acts of Parliament applied only to "external taxation" and to the regulation of foreign commerce. This, inconsistent as it certainly was with the original theory, was but another step in the evolution of a strictly colonial theory; but it was a far longer step than the first. The Stamp Act was repealed, and Parliament, taking the colonies on their own ground, began the development of a system of external taxation, in strict logical accordance with both the original theory and that which the colonies had rested on in 1765. Time would fail in detailing the successive collisions, under this system of taxation, by which the remorseless logic of the British ministry cut the ground from under the feet of the colonists, forcing them in each case, however, not back to the original position, but forward to a more advanced one. The lesson is writ so large that

he who runs may read. The ultimate result was the evolution of the final colonial theory: that Parliament had no authority whatever over the colonies in any case, no power of legislation, and no power of taxation, internal or external; that the colonies had always been royal dominions only, like Hanover; and that the Parliament of Great Britain had no more right to meddle with the affairs of Massachusetts than the Parliament of Massachusetts had to meddle with the affairs of Great Britain. Thus the only result of the ministry's persistent reliance on law and its logic alone, to the exclusion of political considerations, was the development of two legal theories, each quite consistent in itself, but absolutely inconsistent with the other; and the first attempt to *enforce* either meant war.*

The purpose of the foregoing brief summary has been to put the "wrong-headedness" of the British ministry in its true light; not to state it as an attempt to introduce a system which had never before been heard of, but to use it as an illustration of the fact that law and logic may be the most suicidal elements in politics. If it be granted that the long acquiescence of the colonies in the original theory bound them to all its logical consequences, one must admit that there was hardly a point at which the ministry could not plume itself on an academic triumph; but every such triumph brought it nearer to the loss of an empire. Every logical success forced the colonists forward, not backward, until the time came when law itself became uncertain, and logic, as an interpreter, was forced to yield to arms.

Few things will sooner compel the notice of the reader of American Revolutionary dialectics, as they are found in the writings of Franklin and Adams, than the keenness with which these men perceived that the case of Ireland was exactly parallel to that of the American colonies. The Parliament of Massachusetts is always compared with the Parliament of Ireland;† the royal office of King of Massachusetts is illustrated by that of King of Ireland; and every encroachment of the mother country on the powers of colonial legislatures is illustrated by similar cases in Irish history; for the

* The development of the two opposing theories may be studied in the fourth volume of Franklin's *Works* (Sparks, 1840); or in the *Essays of Novanglus* (1774), in the fourth volume of John Adams's *Works*, which also state and attempt to explain the inconsistencies in the previous colonial practice.

† See, for example, 4 Franklin's *Works*, 245, 262, 281 (edition of 1840).

British legal theory of the relations of the mother country to the colonies had been worked out to exactly the same conclusions in the case of Ireland, and had been applied to Ireland with far more vigor and success than it ever met in the case of the North American colonies. Ireland was more thoroughly committed to it than the colonies, but with this difference: the committal of the colonies had been mainly the result of indifference, loyalty, and a lack of occasion for the practical application of the legal theory; that of Ireland had been the result of one of the most frightful systems of penal legislation which human law has ever seen. If the temptations to make law and logic the supreme test in politics were great in the case of the North American colonies, they were overwhelming in the case of Ireland, and the ministries yielded to them almost without a struggle. As Ireland had fallen, so she must lie: *ita lex scripta est.*

The evidently approaching break-down of the legal theory in the case of the colonies led to a similar break-down in the case of Ireland. The Volunteer episode was but the surface indication of a deeper movement, which the British Parliament was quick to perceive. The removal of the Acts in restraint of Irish trade in 1780, the repeal of the Permanent Mutiny Act, and the concession of legislative independence to the Irish Parliament in 1782, only put the seal to an admitted failure. If this had really been a new departure, if the King of Great Britain and Ireland had known or cared for the needs of Ireland, if he had summoned his Irish subjects to back him in wiping out the fundamentally and hopelessly corrupt old Irish Parliament and substituting one which should be a real exponent of the needs and desires of the whole Irish people, the "Irish problem" would have been working itself out quietly and naturally for a hundred years past, and the constitution of the Empire with it. No such thing was done. The un-reformed Irish Parliament hurried the new system to political perdition; the member who, when reproached for selling his country, "thanked God that he had a country to sell," became the typical member of the Irish majority; and, when the system had become an offence in the eyes of the Empire, the remedy deliberately adopted was just the one which could be nothing but a permanent provocation to every self-respecting Irishman. The unblushing and acknowledged expenditure of £1,260,000,* purchased the consent of the Irish Parliament to the Act of Union in 1800, and arranged the terms on

* 4 May's *Constitutional History*, 332; Green's *English People*, section 1572.

which the two kingdoms were henceforth to be parts of one empire.

If there ever was any serious belief that the Act of Union, thus obtained, would effect a settlement of the relations between Ireland and the rest of the Empire, every instant since has shown that the belief was fallacious. The Act of Union merely transferred the old struggle to an ignoble basis. One might well pity the Irishman who should submit to overwhelming force: one could have nothing but contempt for him, if he submitted willingly to a regime historically based on bribery and corruption. On the other hand, the Englishman, having established a legal basis to which he could appeal in every case, has been as strongly inclined as ever to rest upon that, and to make it the standard by which every proposition for change or reform must be measured. He undertakes to make law and its logic the rule of Irish politics, never seeing that he is repeating, in a less pardonable form, the error through which his fathers lost the larger part of their empire in the last century. Englishmen are commonly candid when they know the facts of a case, and those of them who have known the facts concerning the passage of the Act of Union have been quick to acknowledge that excuse for its method is unthinkable; and yet many of them actually continue to deplore the constitutional inability of Irishmen to "look at things as they are," as one of the sources of the present Irish difficulties. They seem to be unable to see, in this particular case, that the victim of fraud must have very good reasons to condone an original and continuing offence before that offence can be considered a sound basis for existing law. Even those of the superior race who have been willing to give the victim good reasons to condone the offence, have been altogether too prone to look to the Irish to propose the terms of settlement. "What does Ireland want? Let her state her demands, and if they seem to us reasonable we will support them." England is the original trespasser, and the *onus investigandi* must rest on her. It is her duty to find the remedy for the subject kingdom's discontent; it is, and ought to be, the Irishman's privilege to criticise the remedies offered, and to accept that which finally seems to him a fair offset for the original offence. To him, the existing regime is not based on law. Conquest has its period of limitation, beyond which acquiescence is a duty; no limitation can run in favor of such a confessed fraud as the Act of Union. There will, therefore, never be any mutuality between Ireland and England as to law

until England proposes a basis which Ireland will accept. Until that time, it is useless for the Englishman to deal with the Irishman as if there were a legal standard to which both can appeal: that standard is yet to be made, and England is to search it out. That so many of the English people are now willing to accept this great duty is due to one man. Mr. Gladstone seems to have been the first of English leaders to recognize the futility of further recourse to law and its logic in Irish politics, and the pressing duty of English politicians to find a *modus vivendi* with Ireland. He may seem to have been inconsistent in some things; but the apparent inconsistency is merely the fact that his was the first great mind which was great enough to see that England's treatment of the Irish question for more than half a century had been wasted logic, and that it was high time to turn to politics for the evolution of law. It has, naturally, not been palatable to Englishmen that the sympathies of peoples for whose opinions they have cared, and particularly American sympathies, have steadily gone to Ireland rather than to England, and of late years to Mr. Gladstone rather than to his opponents. The reason ought not to be far to seek. Englishmen might consider the Act of Union as a sound legal basis for Irish politics; other peoples were under no obligations to accept it as a standard which should control their opinions, and they have not accepted it. International public opinion has been waiting, consciously or unconsciously, for England to do what seems her duty in the premises; and it has naturally welcomed the appearance of the first English statesman who has seemed to recognize the duty, and to be willing to assume it. In the United States, in particular, the national authority at Washington looks on without the least concern while thirty-eight State legislatures exercise governmental powers far more sweeping than have yet been seriously proposed for an Irish governing body, and sees without a thought of danger even the States lately in rebellion arming, equipping, and drilling military forces more formidable than have ever occupied Ireland; it is not, therefore, very easy for an American to find any great difficulty in a conscientious effort to satisfy the righteous desires of the subject kingdom for self-government. Those previous efforts which have predicated "existing law" as an essential part of the process, have not seemed to be sound politics.

The American position on this matter has not been taken with any pharisaical feeling that our own political history has been free from the error which has marked England's treatment of her North

American colonies in the last century, and her treatment of Ireland in this. On the contrary, the existence of our written Constitution, a fundamental law to which all parties can appeal on every possible occasion, has made law an abnormally strong element in our politics. But circumstances have saved us from some of the conspicuously evil results which have appeared in English history; and from others we have saved ourselves. Our colonies, the Territories, have been regulated on the theory that they were to be developed into self-governing States as rapidly as possible; and when circumstances seemed to combine to thrust an Ireland upon us in the South, the instinctive political sense of the people rejected the opportunity. The civil war, with its revelation of the fact that political considerations are sometimes superior in importance to the law of the past, probably did us a service, unwelcome as it was, in preparing us to meet the critical issues which advancing age is to bring to us, as to other peoples. At least one such may be suggested here. Among the later developments of our social life there are probably no two which are more revolting to human law, as we have known it, than the twin brethren, the boycott and the black-list. To talk of a "social warfare," or a "conflict between labor and capital," is beside the question; both boycott and black-list are in law conspiracy pure and simple, and law must treat both as such, or abandon its functions to some better guardian. In this case the appeal to law is not only legitimate, it is the only possible appeal, for there is no other road, unless we abandon government to the conjoint care of rival associations of employers and employees, a procedure to which the mass of us would very seriously object. But even if the appeal to law is legitimate and inevitable, is it to be the final remedy? Is there nothing under the surface evils for which political considerations should lead us to look for a remedy? We should remember with some humility that we did not recognize the essential iniquity of the black-list until the wider iniquity of the boycott forced it upon our attention. Are we simply to suppress both with impartial hand, leaving the underlying evils which produced both to crop out in some new form? Would such a course be sound politics? It may be said that we have already followed the other course, and have supplemented the appeal to law by making employer and employee as free as human law can make them. This is true to a far greater extent than the ignorant, and often half-trained, men whom labor organizations have thus far so commonly and so unfortu-

nately chosen as their leaders, would admit, even if they knew it. The workman is free, so far as we can see, unless he be restricted by the tyranny of labor associations, or of associations of employers; and the law has felt its way towards punishing the latter, even though it has not yet dealt very energetically with the former. But we should remember that it is not many years since a strike was illegal and punishable as a misdemeanor in some of our States.* We are not so long out of Egypt that we may fairly consider ourselves in the Promised Land.

Has the American employee anything further to complain of, provided the thorough suppression of the black-list in every form gives him security on one side, and the labor associations are compelled to respect his freedom on the other? There are many, but vague, assertions that he will still have just cause of complaint; and one distinguished authority has even narrowed the answer down to the statement that he *has* just cause of complaint, but that it is impossible to define it. Those who deny the existence of further grievances, however, regularly take an attitude which seems too suggestive of the old Tory policy towards the colonies and towards Ireland to carry a *prima facie* recommendation. "Thus saith the law: in what respect does the American employee wish it to be changed? Let him state his grievance in plain English, and the remedy which he proposes; and if it shall seem to us a reasonable remedy for a well-grounded grievance, we will support it. But we have no time to discuss sentimental grievances." The answer assumes too much. First: it is given on behalf of those who are not hand-workers, and who have hitherto felt it to be their duty, as well as their privilege, to suggest, rather than to accept, the necessary guidance on the road of advancing civilization. And yet the leaders are to abdicate, to abandon their place and functions, and to call upon the mass of the army, if they do not like the way in which things are going, to suggest a better. Second: those to whom the answer is given are confessedly the more ignorant of the two parties to the discussion. And yet the answer assumes that those who feel, and rebel against, a social and legal pressure are necessarily able, no matter how ignorant they may be, to state it and define it exactly, and to suggest the remedy. It is quite possible for a class to feel such a pressure, and to feel it acutely, without being able to ascer-

* Legal permission for such combinations was not given in New York until 1870, nor in New Jersey until 1883.

tain its exact nature, or to state it in terms which are comprehensible to the rest of us. Until about two years ago the mass of the American people considered the black-list to be a grievance which was rather sentimental than otherwise, and thought that serious evils from it would always be prevented by the self-interest of the employers. When the appearance of the retaliatory weapon, the boycott, forced a more exact examination of the black-list system, it was found that the pressure which it had exerted upon employees was far from sentimental; that the fact that it came directly to bear on comparatively few of them was no alleviation of it; and that extensive conspiracies of employers, following the familiar "Mississippi plan" of striking at the tallest, were able to bring into practice a tyranny which the workman felt acutely, and dreaded even more than he felt. There is no more reason now than three years ago to be certain that every thing beneath the surface of the great deep is going on smoothly and justly, or that the sharks are not simply serving up the little fishes with a change of dressing, as the little fishes continue to complain. Whose natural business is it to ascertain the state of affairs, and to make use of the knowledge thus acquired for the prevention of preventable evils? Lastly: the answer is merely a new form of the old exclusive appeal to law and its logic. It ignores the fact that, under our system, *all* rubbish must be cleared out of the way before our system of law can have any fair opportunity. Circumstances, and the sound political sense of the American people, have thus far saved us from any dangerous popular discontent with the existing regime. But what is to become of our common-law system, of its statutory development, and of its jury system, if it is to be carried into effect upon a people any large percentage of which is discontented, sullen, and suspicious? Let the operation of the English common law in Ireland answer the question. The system which we have derived from England has never lived under such conditions; it has always withered in the uncongenial atmosphere; it is based on the idea of popular initiative, and it demands as an essential condition of its success a frank, hearty, and general popular loyalty. Can there be any higher political obligation resting upon those to whom we are accustomed to look as guides of public opinion than the securing of this essential condition for the existence of law? And is the obligation met by this cavalier answer, by the appeal to existing law, regardless of the conditions essential to the law's successful operation?

Every generation in our country has found, and will find, its social conditions more complicated, more difficult to understand clearly, and more dangerous in the possibilities of error in dealing with them. And each generation thus far has come to see more clearly the force of the adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. We have found that it is better to deal with habitual criminals than to wait until the individual citizen lodges his complaint against his particular burglar; to adopt compulsory education rather than to wait until ignorant masses, the foreordained prey of the demagogue, control the ballot-box; to accept the unwelcome and onerous duty of factory and mine legislation rather than to wait until some generation shall become uncomfortably conscious that a formidable percentage of its members have degenerated into unworthy citizens. In such cases we have not waited for the victims to draw up and present their own pleas; but men have been found to make a special, almost a life study of the facts involved, to classify them, to ascertain the real evils, and to suggest remedies. Where is the difference in this case? Is there nothing out of gear, for example, in a legal system under which some of our modern railway fortunes have been piled up, without adequate reason either in public utility or in private intelligence? They represent something, to be sure, of public utility, in their organization of transportation, their reduction of rates, and their improvement of service; but they represent, in a far larger proportion and more tangibly to the general sense, superior ability in swindling fellow-corporators, in "shearing lambs," and in all the arts which have transferred to State-prisons so many others whose works have been more clearly anticipated by law, and provided for accordingly. Is there not an inviting field here for our guides of public opinion? Or are we to wait until such cases of "property" shall contaminate and debase the very notion of legal property in the minds of great masses of our people, and prepare them to follow any demagogue who shall propose a substitute for it? Again, there are rising all over the country, like unhealthy exhalations, mysterious creatures called "trusts," unknown to law and apparently as yet irresponsible to it, "blind pools" into which individuals and corporations cast their property for the purpose of releasing it from legal supervision, while giving it the advantage of concentrated management. Is there nothing out of gear in the legal system under which such creations are possible? Is it not obligatory upon guides of public opinion to make an immediate and exhaustive

study of them? Or are we to wait until the labor organizations, alarmed at the rising of this war-cloud on their borders and having no confidence in the "existing law," shall in turn marshal their forces in some new and more dangerous form, and compel attention?

What has been said has not come from one who claims or accepts the right to speak as a guide of public opinion; like the mass of the American people, he has been able to rely upon others, who have taken this as their special task, to do the work of collecting and classifying facts, of pointing out evils, and of suggesting remedies for consideration. There remains, however, the right to object to a particular feature of the method of investigation as one which seems likely to give the whole discussion a fatally wrong cast, and to debar it from any useful conclusions. Before one accepts the constant appeal to law and its logic as final, he must be satisfied that the law is what it should be; and he is not to be accused of heresy or misprision of treason because he insists upon purely political considerations as in some cases antecedent to law, and superior to it.

The American people have not yet shown any dangerous tendency to exalt politics above law; the danger, if there has been any, has rather been in the opposite direction—that of exalting the law as it is above political considerations. Show an American what the law is, and his impulse is to say at once, "Here I rest." So much the more reason why those to whom he commonly looks for guidance in such cases should not encourage him to rest too long, and should not throw upon others the responsibility which they have voluntarily assumed. Force is the one step beyond both law and politics; and while the American will never hesitate to take that step, if it be made inevitable, he will have a fair reason to hold those responsible who rendered it inevitable by shirking their duty of finding out for him in time how the law ought to have been amended.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

WE now enter upon the hundredth year of the Republic. Within the period just closing, what marvels have been wrought by the application of American inventiveness to material substances and natural forces. A thousand luxuries have been transformed into necessaries, and then put within the reach of all. Whatever may be true of the rich, the poor have not become poorer. As regards food, water, clothing, fuel, light, transportation, charitable assistance, immunity from fires, ambulances for sudden accidents, parks for recreation, libraries and cheap literature for the cultivation of the mind, any given condition of poverty a century ago has been enormously mitigated in our day. Nor must we look only at what the economic development and public spirit of the age have made procurable by the poor. Theirs is also a vast possession without ownership as without outlay. Let any one compare (say) Bacourt's description of Washington in 1840 with the present state of that capital, and he must admit that mere existence there now, for the most wretched inhabitant, implies a degree of comfort and enjoyment that would have sweetened the lot of his peer in misery only two generations back. And the same thing is true of improved edileship in every other large city in the land.

In the domain of politics, however, a corresponding retrospect shows no such advance. While living has been made easier in every particular, the political duties of the citizen have grown more and more difficult of exercise. Toward simplifying and assuring his share in the choice of candidates and in voting for his preference, or toward protecting him against his party, or toward making his interest in public affairs constant, intelligent, and influential, almost nothing has been done unless by way of preventing fraud. Yet it is not difficult to point out contrivances as simple as a lucifer-match, or a rubber overshoe, or an asphalt pavement, or a horse-car, that would directly subserve the ends in question.

I. THE PLATFORM.—The nation set an evil precedent when it proclaimed its independence in a platform of "glittering generalities." The self-evident truth of the brotherhood of man was denied in practice by the men who placed their signatures beneath John

Hancock's—else had slavery been spontaneously abolished on July 4, 1776. This contradiction involved the whole country for three-quarters of a century in a perversion of language fatal to the love of truth. It would have been a miracle if the modes of expression to which the constitutional recognition of slavery committed every citizen down to the Civil War, had, on the removal of slavery, left no trace in the common regard for veracity. Singularly enough, the very destruction of the cause of our national untruthfulness produced fresh occasion for lying. The end of the Rebellion forced both the Republican and the Democratic parties to invent reasons for their further existence—the one for being continued in office, the other for regaining the ascendancy. Hence more false issues, false claims, misrepresentation of existing facts, sham governments in the reconstructed Southern States, fraudulent returning-boards. Hence, on the other hand, hollow protestations in behalf of the Federal soldiers and sailors, swindling pension bills *ad infinitum*. Hence faithless and fruitless promises or encouragement to Greenbackers, to Prohibitionists, to Civil-Service Reformers, to Woman-Suffragists, to Grangers, Trade-Unionists, Knights of Labor. Hence endless equivocation about the currency and the tariff.

In all our political literature the platform is the lowest and most contemptible document. No voter any longer values it for its sincerity, or pays any heed to it except as a curiosity of adroit expression or non-expression. Least of all do those who framed it voluntarily pay any heed to it when once adopted, well knowing that, under present arrangements, no personal responsibility for it can be fixed. A party is unlike a reformatory association—for temperance, or abolition, or woman's rights. With the latter, the platform or resolutions mean something, and are made effective by the unceasing propaganda directed by responsible boards, elected annually. A party, on the other hand, has no such organization or propaganda, and all its collective professions of faith are evoked by approaching elections, and tinctured, not by the latest opinions of its constituency, but by the fears and hopes of "opportunist" leaders. It has no permanent salaried corps of lecturers indoctrinating the electors from November to November. Its recommendations are not moral, but partisan. It is satisfied, not with a change of conscience, but with a specified vote. So disregarded is the platform that even candidates take their stand upon it without disguising their opposition to certain planks apparently as solid and fundamental as the rest. Yet

this despised formula is the greatest obstacle to the free play of party organization on living issues. It is forever being modified and expanded, not in the development of the original principles of the party, but in order to maintain the organization, even after its work is done. In other words, the platform is the main reliance of the Machine, which neither knows nor will foresee a time when the party shall naturally dissolve, to be reconstituted on other lines, in combination with once hostile elements. This is the curse of party government, and it will be perpetuated so long as the constituency have no control of the platform. The day will perhaps come when we shall see a self-limiting party start into being, on a platform defining its precise aim, the achievement of which will be its *Nunc dimittis*. We can imagine the civil-service reformers forming such a party; but, notoriously, the attempt would reveal a, perhaps, irresistible desire to couple with the simple idea of a business administration other reforms, more or less cognate. The tariff and the currency would offer great temptations to foist them upon the movement, and, these admitted, there would be no barrier to further additions, till the party would become an end in itself. This is what happened to the Liberty Party, directly on its formation, and must happen again unless the utmost self-restraint be exercised.

Whether or not parties can be launched and prosper on a single issue, or can be induced to abdicate, the only check upon them in this direction (except defeat at the polls) is through the greatest possible restriction of the platform, as opposed to *ad captandum* enlargement. The immediate effect of this would be a rehabilitation of the platform, with a consequent elevation of tone both in politicians and in the electorate at large. The question is, How to make the party leaders responsible for it? Something would be gained if the convention individually were made to *sign* the platform—a test which might be found awkward for members ready to give a general assent and then have it forgotten. But more effective would be a platform caucus of this nature: Professions being of no value without an effort to embody them in legislation, let the party members of Congress, or of any State Legislature, assembled on the eve of the session, take up the platform *seriatim*, and appoint committees to draft the measures called for by the resolutions. Failure to do this would be a confession that the platform was pure buncombe, and would expose every legislator to the penalty of trifling with his constituency. This custom, once established, would make it impos-

sible to stave off issues to which the party was committed—as in the case of tariff and revenue reform—and would open the way, so long closed in our national councils, to genuine debate on the most pressing questions of the hour. Moreover, it would have, in our local politics, the salutary tendency to obliterate impertinent party distinctions, and to divide towns and States over measures of domestic policy, which have no more to do with Republican and Democrat than with Guelph and Ghibelline.

II. THE REPRESENTATIVE.—There are few situations more humiliating for a conscientious man than to stand at the polls with tickets offered him to which he can apply absolutely no criterion. So far as his knowledge of the candidates goes, he might as well toss up for his ticket. Not a name does he recognize, not a motive can he allege for bestowing his support on one more than upon another. In choosing them he took no part, and all live and move beyond his daily horizon. Thousands vote thus blindly for nominees whose names they straightway forget, even if once read. The successful candidate goes his way, and is heard of no more outside of political circles. What figure did he cut in the Legislature? What class of measures did he support or oppose? Ought he to be re-elected? These questions are usually as impossible for his constituents to answer as were those relating to his original qualifications for office. The sole contact between them, even ideally, was in the act of voting. We know the causes of this deplorable state of things, and partly we labor for the purification of the caucus, the diminution of the cost of running for office, and similar alleviations. Suppose we try, also, to work at the other end, and to improve the candidate by forcing him into conspicuity. The civil-service reformers have revived the good old practice of catechising candidates on the eve of election, but this has two drawbacks: the interval is often too short, and the satisfactory profession imposes no fixable responsibility. What is wanted here is a regular report to the constituency, and all the better if this be oral. The candidate who refuses to pledge himself to particular action, if elected—meaning really that he does not choose to let his present sentiments be known—could not equally decline to account for his employment of his trust. He would perforce assent to the inquiry of any voter, or group of voters, "Will you, if elected, publicly review your course during the session on your return home?" Or, if he dreaded this, from want of capacity, the custom would make office less desirable to men of his calibre.

The advantages of such a review are manifest. A real continuity would be given to the political life of every community; information as to actual legislation would be spread everywhere; men would be judged by their performances, and a proper ambition would find a natural and easy means of gratifying itself by entrance into political life. It were certainly to be desired that at some place the returning candidate should meet his constituents face to face. This would give opportunity for free inquiry, and would check the candidate's desire to make too favorable a showing for himself. Reports of such meetings would infallibly find their way into the country newspapers and be eagerly read, and would furnish most wholesome political education. But in default of a public appearance and delivery, the candidate could at least print his report and give it to the press. The press, in its turn, would have a motive for watching the local representatives (especially of the opposite party) during the session, in order to confront the contemporary record with the subsequent report. Nothing but good could come of this. It is true that some cost would be involved in these proceedings. But let public-spirited citizens consider what better use could be made of a small sum of money, than to engage to pay the hall hire on the occasion of the report, to pay the stenographer, to meet the bill for printing. A hall for such purposes might even, in country towns, be thought a natural adjunct of the public library.

III. The Convention.—The flood of light thrown upon the now too easily obscure Congressman or State legislator by the practice just advocated would go far to mitigate a crying evil of our system. Our representative bodies are mostly too large, with a tendency to become larger. It may be that for the transaction of the mass of public business the House of Representatives is none too numerous to avoid being overtaxed, though the Senate gets along with an equal volume of business in much fewer hands. What is certain is, that the House has long since outgrown its limits as a debating society; and the proposal has, in fact, been made that a smaller hall be dedicated solely to debate, with provision for summoning the absentees when a vote is to be taken. The present condition is most unfavorable to the growth or exercise of genuine oratory; and any one who visits the old Senate Chamber must be impressed with the advantages which the statesmen of the Websterian epoch had in speaking in a room easily filled by the voice, crowded on important occasions, and with the audience literally within reach and

touch—in short, when all the conditions were fitted for the communication of personal magnetism. In this respect, the otherwise inferior accommodations of the House of Commons are vastly more congenial to the spirit of debate than the present Hall of Representatives. But if our great men are thus lost in space, our little men are lost in the crowd of members—sometimes to their own satisfaction. Hence the slender inducement for first-rate intellects to bury themselves in Congress, and hence the opportunity of the mediocre. So far as repression and obscurity are a logical result of these huge agglomerations, it is plain that the representative system defeats itself. Over-representation may be as vicious as under-representation, and to the former we do, in fact, owe a large part of the caprice, or the corruption of our national politics in particular. Our national party conventions have come to be panicky hordes, the prey of intrigues and surprises, in which discussion is impossible, and whose decisions can seldom be forecast. It is, however, with such bodies that the reaction must begin against over-representation and too narrow representation—twin evils.

If ever party management in this country falls temporarily into the hands of the moral and intellectual *élite*, we may hope to see a deliberate reduction of the membership of State conventions to such a number as shall perceptibly raise the level of character, capacity, and conspicuity, while permitting something more than the mere recording of the decrees of the party chiefs. If this should involve the abandonment of the district system, and lead to the voting for candidates at large, the reform would be already beneficent. But it would besides substitute debate for "the slate," would give reality and sincerity to the platform, and would bring before the public gaze the men fittest to remain there. Public criticism would not be scattered upon a host, but would fall where it would be felt. The example would tell upon our legislative bodies, and in time upon Congress itself. We might not despair of ultimately seeing a national convention composed of two delegates from each State, assembling, not as a pseudo-deliberative and representative body, but as a real conference of the luminaries of the party. "Plumed knights" and "dark horses" would then be relegated to the lumber-room along with the spoils system, the "bloody shirt," and the Confederate brigadiers.

WENDELL P. GARRISON.

FOREIGN JURISDICTION IN JAPAN.

THE extra-territorial principle has always been regarded as indispensable by the governments of Europe, in establishing relations with unknown and imperfectly civilized communities. Its adoption by the United States, upon various occasions, has been dictated by conventional example rather than by a conviction of its necessity. It was applied to Japan in opposition to the earnest wishes of the persons best qualified to decide the question of its expediency in that particular instance. Townsend Harris, who negotiated the agreements in which it was first formally announced, protested that it was "against his conscience." Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State under whom this envoy was appointed, "condemned it as an unjust interference with the municipal laws of a country, which no Western nation would tolerate for a moment." But he feared that public opinion would be dissatisfied with its omission, and held that "our treaties with Turkey, Persia, and the Barbary Powers gave precedents that the Senate would not overlook." Mr. Harris was accordingly compelled to fasten upon the Japanese a condition of intercourse which was repugnant to his judgment and his feelings. His regret at this harsh necessity was alleviated by the belief that in providing for a general revision of the treaty of July 29, 1858, fourteen years after its enactment, he limited the operation of the oppressive stipulation to that comparatively short period. It was with surprise and grief that he afterward witnessed the overthrow of his purpose, by the machinations of adroit and unscrupulous European diplomatists, and the indefinite extension of a system the ruinous consequences of which he had vainly labored to avert.

It may be emphatically declared that the authors of the early treaties never intended to supersede the laws of Japan by those of their own nations, and that their design was solely to provide moderate and reasonable safeguards for the foreigners who should be first brought in contact with a race of whose social and political institutions nothing was distinctly known. In the absence of information as to the administration of justice in the newly-opened empire it was deemed essential to protect the Western pioneers from the risk of

undue severity of treatment. Arrangement was, therefore, made, by the representative of the United States, for the trial of "Americans committing offences against Japanese" in "American consular courts," and for their punishment "according to American law." The object was not to warrant or facilitate evasion of the domestic rule, but simply to afford Americans the same assurance of impartial procedure that they might expect at home, and the same security against excessive penalties. It was hoped and believed that, so long as the irregular method should continue, the officials of the United States would act in harmony with those of Japan, each side relying upon the other for cordial coöperation and striving to overcome, by mutual forbearance and conciliation, the difficulties which at times could not fail to arise. The Japanese were requested to undertake the duty of making the necessary arrests, to provide places of detention and imprisonment for delinquents, and to "give to the consul such assistance as may be required to enable him to enforce the observance of the laws." In particular cases they were empowered to exercise direct and independent control over Americans. Their right to expel from the country all persons once "convicted of felony or twice convicted of misdemeanors," and to "seize and destroy" certain prohibited wares, was explicitly affirmed. Nothing in the compact sanctioned or even suggested immunity from the just authority of the Eastern State.

In matters relating to jurisdiction the precedents laid down by Mr. Harris were closely followed by European agents until the conclusion of Lord Elgin's treaty in August, 1858, after which this document was accepted as the general model. The British ambassador was required by his instructions to modify, in a measure, the provisions of his American predecessor. It was doubted by his Government whether the privilege of exercising authority in foreign territory could be legitimately conveyed by international agreement, and preparations were made for the passage of an "order in council," conferring upon Her Majesty's officials the necessary freedom of action. In the meantime, Lord Elgin supplied what appeared to be lacking by inserting in his Japanese compact a copy of the judicial clauses he had devised for China, two months before. These clauses, while stipulating that British subjects should be amenable to their own laws, endeavored to avoid injury to Japanese susceptibilities by inviting the native magistrates to participate in the settlement of all misunderstandings. It was prescribed that every English consul

should receive complaints from Englishmen and Japanese alike; that he should "do his utmost" to bring about an amicable adjustment of disputes; and that, failing to effect this, he should "request the assistance of the Japanese authorities, that they may together examine into the merits of the case, and decide it equitably." The right to proceed directly against British law-breakers, in specified instances, was accorded to the Japanese officials in perhaps more liberal terms than those conceded by the American regulations. It is certain that no greater harshness of intention was implied by Lord Elgin's language than by that of the friendly American.

Upon these narrow foundations the whole structure of foreign jurisdiction in Japan has been reared. With all its inflation of arrogant pretence, its multitude of entangling and bewildering complications, its aggregation of gross abuses, and its offensive domination over the national rule, it has absolutely no other basis. It stands upon the slender point of primitive necessity like an inverted pyramid, and has acquired its portentous and overhanging bulk by additions and enlargements wholly at variance with the original design, and inconsistent with every principle upon which its temporary existence was justified. The process of expansion began early. Six months after the signing of Lord Elgin's treaty, an order in council was issued from Buckingham Palace, embodying an act of Parliament by which Her Britannic Majesty is invested with power and authority in remote countries to the same extent as if obtained "by cession or conquest"; creating consular courts in Japan; and instituting a code of laws for British subjects abiding in that empire. This instrument and others of a similar nature which rapidly followed were interpreted by the majority of Europeans and Americans as practically extinguishing all rights of the Japanese Government over the regions assigned for foreign occupation and traffic. Within these regions it was assumed that no natives could reside, except in a menial capacity, and that none could hold property or conduct business; and from the "settlement" of Yokohama, the chief commercial port of the country, they are to this day excluded.

Under the leadership of successive envoys from Great Britain, a plan was organized for the pursuance of a diplomatic "coöperative policy," the broad purpose of which was to reduce the Eastern nation to such political subjugation as should enable the new-comers to secure preponderating advantages in all commercial dealings. It was deliberately arranged that the alien residents should be en-

couraged to consider themselves under no obligation to respect the native laws or usages, and to regard the "open ports" as forming no part of the imperial dominions; and that the islanders must be taught to recognize the inferiority of their position and the uselessness of resistance to the novel dispensation. That the lesson should be enforced by violent and merciless methods was held to be not only expedient, but a positive necessity of the situation, in order that a struggle which was intended to have but one termination should not be needlessly prolonged. The Government was ensnared into groundless quarrels, and cruel wrongs were inflicted upon the people, with no other view than to settle, as speedily as possible, the question of foreign supremacy, and to accustom the victims to immediate and servile submission. For many years the agents of the United States were actively associated in these vicious proceedings, the honorable example afforded by the first minister being set aside from the time of his retirement, in 1861, until the arrival, in 1873, of a republican representative who was qualified to resume the higher duties of his office.

To recite the various measures of coöperative policy by which it was sought to crush the Japanese down to a level of abasement identical with that resulting from "cession or conquest" would accupy more space than is here available. A few of the more conspicious aggressions must serve to illustrate the system concerted for their degradation. It was discovered at an early period that foreign boorishness could always be relied upon to provoke irritation among the native gentry. Mockery of traditional observances was therefore incited until, on one occasion, a foolhardy Englishman was fatally wounded for wantonly and grossly insulting one of the highest daimios of the empire, a provincial ruler so nearly independent as to acknowledge no allegiance to the then existing central Government. Knowing this fact, the British minister nevertheless extorted, by threats of armed invasion, a pretended "indemnity" of close upon half-a-million dollars, and caused the nobleman's chief city to be bombarded and partially destroyed, in defiance of conditions recognized as the belligerent rules of civilized States. Soon after, a British plenipotentiary detected an opportunity for annulling the law of nations which entitles every country to control over a marine league beyond its shores, and, on a purely fictitious plea of danger to his countrymen's interests, not only declared war himself, but persuaded three other envoys likewise to declare war against a second

independent daimio. The results of this were the annihilation of a flourishing town, the sacrifice of numberless innocent lives and of vast amounts of property, and the imposition of a fine of $3,000,000, which sum was exacted not from the provincial magnate, but from the nominal sovereign, who, it was thoroughly understood, had then no power to regulate his vassal's course. For these and parallel iniquities no just or sufficient cause was alleged. They were avowedly committed to break the spirit of the Japanese, and the penalties in money were assessed at rates believed to be in excess of their ability to discharge, in order that they might thus be held in permanent pecuniary bondage. To maintain the constant and exasperating pressure of external force, formidable fleets were kept ready for action in the harbors, and during several years detachments of British and French troops were encamped in near proximity to the seat of Government.

The limited share of authority guaranteed by the treaties was never, from the beginning, permitted to assert itself. The aid and concurrence which Mr. Harris and Lord Elgin thought it proper and becoming to invite were scornfully rejected. In no circumstances was the untrammelled right to apprehend criminals admitted by the inhabitants in the open ports. The services of the Japanese police were peremptorily demanded, and upon them the responsibility of preserving order was thrown; but they were rigorously excluded from the houses of aliens, even when native malefactors sought sanctuary therein. In this manner, infamous offenders against decency and morals have often escaped accountability, and atrocious crimes—murders among them—have passed unavenged. No municipal law, however essential to the public welfare, was recognized by the foreign denizens. For the payment of land rents there was no sufficient security, and if, as frequently occurred, leaseholders chose to withhold the amounts due, the Government was prevented from resuming possession of the ground, and in many cases was unable by any process to eject the delinquent debtors. Tolls upon bridges erected for the general convenience have been levied only upon natives, the gatherers never presuming to collect from others. Lighthouse charges, exacted by all European States, have invariably been disallowed in Japan, and although the shores are bounteously provided with beacons for the benefit of the world's shipping, no proportion of the cost of maintaining them has fallen upon Western navigators. Tonnage dues, which contribute materially to the revenue

of every maritime country, have never been enforced in Japanese waters, and endless confusion and disturbance have been caused by the refusal of foreigners to submit to harbor regulations of whatever description. The British and other treaties expressly stipulate that "the Japanese authorities at each port will adopt the means that they may judge most proper for the prevention of fraud or smuggling;" but when the Government, discovering that contraband goods were surreptitiously brought ashore at unauthorized places in Yokohama, proposed to restrict the landing of boats to wharves constructed for the purpose, Her Majesty's minister gave warning that if a notification to that effect were issued, he would station a regiment upon the beach to assist his countrymen in debarking at any spot they might prefer. With barely an exception, the nations of Europe and America reserve to their own citizens the privilege of coastwise trade, permitting no carriage by foreign ships from port to port; but in Japan the almost universal rule has been reversed, and the native mariners have seen important branches of their business threatened with extinction by outside rivalry.

It would be difficult to find a point upon which external interference has not fastened its hand offensively. At a certain stage of Japanese advancement it was thought desirable to introduce railways, but this domestic enterprise was permitted only upon condition that all the plans and proceedings should receive the formal approval of the heads of legations, one of whom—it is needless to say which—demanded that not alone the construction but every detail of the management should be nominally superintended, for a specified period, by persons of his selection; munificent provision being thus made for a host of useless pensioners, for whose superfluous services the most preposterous wages were extorted,—five or six times greater, in some cases, than the stipends of the highest officers of Government. An ancient ordinance forbidding the discharge of fire-arms near the precincts of the imperial court was set at naught by a Prussian consul, who announced that he was aware of no German statute applicable to the case, and that if Germans saw fit to endanger the peace of the capital by exploding guns or pistols in the thoroughfares, he would neither interfere to restrain them nor allow the local guardians to do so. A plot for forging and circulating spurious currency on a large scale having been detected, this heinous crime of Western communities took to itself the form of a pastime in Japan—or, at the worst, an inconvenient eccentricity; for counter-

feiting was blandly declared unpunishable, the home laws of the treaty powers making no provision against the fabrication or issue of false Japanese money. These examples, recalled at random, submitted without regard to order or connection, and with no endeavor to present them in their most forcible aspect, fairly indicate the nature of the devices by which the national authority was overridden and the capricious and despotic edicts of a body of irresponsible strangers were set up in its place. The list might be indefinitely extended, for the strenuous efforts of the diplomatic and consular officers seemed, during a long series of years, to be directed mainly to the task of subverting the imperial sway, and usurping the functions of the State in all matters with which foreigners were directly or indirectly concerned. The refusal to acknowledge the self-protecting rights of the Government was often carried to appalling extremities. In the selfish and brutal exercise of overmastering strength and with callous recklessness of the calamities that were certain to ensue, deeds abhorrent to humanity were more than once perpetrated, the infamy of which ought never to be effaced from public memory.

Of all the epidemic perils to which the inhabitants of Japan are liable, that of cholera is the most frequent and terrible. In 1877 and 1878, when its ravages were greater than at any previous time, it was proved to have been introduced from the Chinese city of Amoy under peculiarly painful and cruel circumstances, the desire of the Government to prevent the ingress of ships coming from that pest-ridden place having been overborne by the British minister. In the summer of 1879 a renewed outbreak was foreseen, and unusually stringent precautions were taken. On this occasion a wholesome and thorough quarantine was established at all seaports exposed to visitation from infected districts, and the diplomatic agents were exhorted to lay upon alien mariners the obligation of conforming to the indispensable regulations. The minister of the United States readily and cordially complied. The others refused, persistently adhering to the theory of foreign superiority to Japanese laws. Owing to causes or conditions not explained by medical science, the Caucasian race had invariably escaped the devastations of cholera, and the safety of Europeans being apparently insured, their representative guardians were conscious of no necessity for effective action in the premises. As a special manifestation of disregard for the entreaties of the native officials, the German envoy, instigated and

abetted by his English colleague, instructed the captain of a German merchant vessel which arrived at Yokohama directly from a notorious centre of the plague to pay no heed to any protests or remonstrances addressed to him, and despatched a man-of-war to escort him and his craft through the sanitary lines, and to assist in the landing of his goods and passengers. To say that the Japanese stood aghast at this exhibition of malevolence is faintly to describe their emotions. It is probable that for once in their unhappy international history they were tempted to offer resistance, and to frustrate, at every hazard, the ruthless exposure of their people to disease and death. Had they taken this course, they would certainly have been supported by powerful moral influence. General Grant, whose sojourn in the empire had just begun, avowed his indignation at the barbarous outrage, and his regret that the approach of the obnoxious ship was not forcibly obstructed. Speaking with the clearest understanding of the weight that would be attached to his words, he assured the Government that if they had opened fire at the first attempt to break through the quarantine bounds, and sunk both the trader and her convoy, the world would have exonerated and approved them; and there is abundant reason for believing that he would, in that event, have spared no personal exertion to represent the affair in such a light as to shield them from vindictive retaliation. But the time had not come when Japan felt warranted in defying the delegate of a great European State, and the savage atrocity was silently endured. For six months the desolating scourge prevailed. Between the advent of the tainted vessel and the extinction of the disease, more than one hundred thousand deaths were recorded,—how many of them due to the wilful and unrelenting agency of the two indviduals who opened the gates to a pestilence rather than abate one particle of their pretension to a despotic authority, no man can tell. During the half year of gloom that hung over the land, while the emblems of mourning multiplied on every side and the air was filled with the bitterness of universal lamentation, scarcely a word of remorse or genuine commiseration was heard from any foreign source—none, at least, so long as only the Japanese sickened and died. But when, at the most fatal stage of the epidemic, it was found that the strangers were not, as before, entirely exempt, and that the valued lives of English men and women were in some instances sacrificed, popular opinion in the open ports underwent a change. Then, and not till then, it was conceded that

the misfortune might have been averted by the despised and rejected measures of prevention; and the first suspicion was awakened that the doctrine of extra-territoriality, as revealed through the diplomatic apostles, might not always be identical with omniscience.

What foreign jurisdiction has thus far done for Japan may now be imagined by the impartial reader. If it be supposed that the evils here depicted have been compensated by advantages to the aliens in whose behalf it was first devised, and has since been twisted and tortured out of all resemblance to its early meaning, that idea needs only a candid and not too minute scrutiny to be speedily dissipated. Consular authority, in so far as it pretends to satisfy the requirements of society at large, is a sheer imposture. It rests largely upon the assumption that the territory in which it prevails is not Japanese; but supplies no evidence that it is anything else. In a narrow and imperfect way, each consular establishment may perform a certain service for the particular section of the community which it represents, but its power to watch over the combined interests of the multitude is utterly fictitious. In the estimation of English functionaries the port of Yokohama may be as completely British as if acquired "by cession or conquest," but it is not so regarded by the French, or the Germans, or any other of the representative officials there stationed. They, with but a solitary exception, are equally forward in claiming it as their own. Japan undoubtedly has relations with seventeen different nations, but to contend that the open ports belong to all of these conjointly, would lead to worse complications than any yet invented. Each treaty provides for separate tribunals, but it can compel the subjects of only one power to respect these tribunals. No resident is under the control of any consul but his own. He cannot be required to appear, even as a witness, before any consul but his own. There are in Yokohama a dozen or more so-called courts, all conducted upon discrepant, and sometimes widely divergent, methods, contradictory in purpose, antagonistic in procedure, measuring out justice according to utterly incongruous codes, all independent of one another and subordinate to no common authority. If these disconnected institutions were models of intelligence, decorum, and integrity, they would still fail to furnish a coherent and trustworthy administration of justice. Lacking unity of design, their individual merits would contribute little to the general welfare of the citizens. But being, with rare exceptions, distinguished for nothing but ignorance, incompetency, and perverse

hostility to everything Japanese, they offer the strongest possible testimony to the worthlessness of the system of which they constitute an integral part.

The English tribunals most nearly approach a reasonable standard of propriety and dignity. Successive "orders in council" have imparted to them some of the characteristics of genuine law courts, and for such litigation as may arise among Englishmen they are perhaps useful, if not entirely satisfactory. The judges are expected to prepare themselves by a certain amount of legal training—which requirement does not extend to the agents of any other country. But the provisions for trial by jury are wholly inadequate, owing to the limited number of residents from whom juries can be drawn, and the decisions, however rendered, are far from commanding unqualified respect. Political influence, exerted by a minister plenipotentiary, has often been known to outweigh the obvious claims of justice. And the power to adjudicate covers only the single nationality. All others are encouraged by their official leaders—sometimes tacitly, sometimes avowedly—to contemn the elaborate machinery transplanted from Great Britain for the regulation of about one thousand of Her Majesty's subjects.

In the consular courts of the United States, the authority has been wielded mostly by individuals possessing no qualification for the judicial duties assigned to them. Their selection has invariably been determined by considerations into which the question of fitness has not been allowed to enter, and their unfamiliarity with the commonest forms of law has, as a rule, been notorious. The occasional exceptions have not been sufficiently important to relieve the executive officials at Washington from the accusation of habitual indifference and neglect, nor to endow American jurisdiction in Japan with permanent respectability. It may be that this disregard of details is a natural outgrowth of the loose and irregular methods by which the system was put in operation. The acts of Congress creating and regulating extra-territorial tribunals were so carelessly framed as to justify grave doubts of their validity under the Constitution. There can be no question that the current practice of dispensing with indictment by grand jury and of conducting trials without jury is in direct conflict with that instrument, but it has been accepted from the commencement without effective opposition, and appears to be regarded as appropriate to the disordered, not to say disreputable, condition of affairs.

Equally inefficient and imperfect is the management of the whole circle of foreign courts, yet their tenure is prolonged by the European envoys as a means of perpetuating their own power and of preserving indefinitely to their countrymen the benefits of which they have constantly enjoyed a disproportionate share. The Japanese are ready with a code of laws which is allowed by competent critics to have been compiled with remarkable skill and sagacity, and which is in all respcts adapted to the exigencies of the situation. They pledge themselves to avoid every appearance of rigor in its gradual application to aliens—the total number of whom is less than twenty-five hundred—and to be guided by the utmost liberality in effecting the necessary transfers of authority. No one disputes their intention or their ability to fulfil these promises, yet their proposals are harshly rejected and their plea for relief from an unceasing and ignominious servility is rudely denied. They are forced to suspend their efforts to attain a position of honor among the nations, for until the burden of treaty obligations is removed no further progress is possible. They are suffering severely from a pecuniary pressure which cannot be thrown off while foreign hands derange their finances and shackle their industries. The public revenue can never be secure while a European envoy may issue decrees of his own will, as the British minister has done, proclaiming the abrogation of customs duties on a particular commodity, and reminding Englishmen that they, being exempt from Japanese laws, may safely refuse to pay the impost. The resources of the Government have been impaired, its standing at home and abroad has been weakened, and its credit repeatedly shaken by diplomatic agencies; and to dangers of this description it is forever liable while the fatal treaties remain in force. Private as well as national enterprise is deadened, and the productive energies of the people are benumbed. They base no hopes upon the opening of the country, for they know that they cannot compete, upon their own soil, with aliens who are bound by none of the legal restrictions which they are required to obey. To unlock the doors, in their defenceless state, would be to surrender the land to spoliation by its enemies. These assertions are not based upon conjecture; their truth is attested by bitter experience. For wrongs inflicted upon a Japanese by a stranger redress can be claimed only from a consul, who in most cases would scoff at the idea of considering any interest but that of his countryman. By far the greater number of consuls are themselves trading and speculating

adventurers, and are not above making use of their official opportunities to extort plunder in every direction. Thus it is that Japan can take no forward step in prosperous development. Foreign diplomacy blocks the way. During her thirty years of relationship with the West her sorrows have been lightened by no token of friendliness or sympathy, save from a single quarter. Through the exertions of individual Americans who have set their hearts and hands to the labor of re-investing her with the inherent rights of which she has been defrauded, and especially through the diligent activity of one just minister, citizens of the United States are now compelled to respect and abide by the spirit of her laws, although still privileged to hold themselves free from the processes of her tribunals. This, however, is but a feeble and hesitating indication of good will. It conveys merely the expression of kindly intention, and contributes nothing toward the removal of Japan's disabilities. What is wanted is an unconditional release from the ties which hold her in political and moral enslavement. One frank and outspoken word from the Chief Magistrate of this republic would enable her to reclaim the liberties to which she is as honorably entitled as the most enlightened of Western countries. Never has a worthy end been easier of attainment. Not an hour need be wasted in fatiguing official formalities. The preparations were long ago completed, and the material is at hand in the shape of a treaty at once concise and comprehensive, which, though now inoperative, requires only a slight touch of excision and the President's sign-manual to give it substantial and effective force. The Senate is ready to record its approval, and the whole union of States would gladly join in welcoming the noble little empire to the community of independent nations.

E. H. HOUSE.

HIDALGO: THE WASHINGTON OF MEXICO.

II.

A GENERAL revolt was organized and fixed for November 1st, 1810; and this was done, curiously enough, by Hidalgo the priest, not by Allende the soldier. The conspiracy was discovered, thanks to the cowardice of one woman, and the worst results of the discovery averted by the courage and presence of mind of another. The Canoness Ittariaga, who was in the plot, fell ill, and confided the secret on her death-bed to her confessor at Querétaro, who revealed it to his superior, while the latter in turn laid it before a Council of State without a moment's loss of time. The Gonzalez brothers, who were implicated, were sent to prison, and Dominguez, also a conspirator and under suspicion, was required in his capacity of magistrate to denounce and bring to justice all the offenders. All was about to be discovered when the Señora Josefa, the wife of Dominguez (a devoted wife, who shared all his confidence and sympathized with all his noblest aims), stepped in and averted the calamity with great adroitness. Dominguez was under *surveillance*, and could not communicate with his fellow conspirators. The house was watched and no one was allowed to leave it. The Gonzalez prisoners were brought to it to be examined. Now, the Governor's house was just next door; and as Holland House had, according to Sydney Smith, "every convenience for sickness and death," so the governors' houses throughout the provinces were provided with every convenience for governing *à l'Espagnole:* prisons, instruments of torture, pillories, stocks, and whipping-posts. One of the señora's rooms (the two houses being set back to back) adjoined the prison, built in the rear of the Governor's mansion; and while her husband was making his official descent with Government spies upon the Gonzalez, the Señora Josefa determined to warn Allende by means of a system of signals which she had previously had the sagacity to arrange between herself and the jailer, Ignacio Perez, also a conspirator, in case any unforeseen peril should arise. She slipped away unnoticed. Three blows of a small foot, and it was done. Perez heard, and understood that he must send a trusty messenger off at once to Allende

at San Miguel. Perez dared trust no messenger but one, went himself, could not find Allende, went then to Aldama, who rushed off to Dolores and Hidalgo.

There was no more time for plans, preparations, poetic visions. The hour for action had come, and Hidalgo decided to risk everything by forcing the issue at once. His allies at San Miguel and Querétaro were hastily assembled. "Gentlemen," said Hidalgo, addressing them, "the inevitable has been hastened. We have no resource except to drive the Spaniards out of our country." "What are you going to do, sir?" asked Allende, all the soldier in him ready for action. "I shall at once raise the standard of revolt. Those of you who are willing to give your lives, your fortunes, your *all*, for the independence of Mexico, join me. We must attack, not wait to be attacked, denounced, imprisoned." Hidalgo had never been more calm, confident, apparently, though his security was only the might that is right, and he was committing himself and them to an uncertain future and almost certain death. The little band of patriots were worthy of their leader. There was no flinching, no desertion. They did not shrink from the test of true devotion that he had applied; they were willing to give *all*. The suddenness with which they had been precipitated into a revolt that was not to have come for a month, forbade anything like general concerted action, proclamations to the people, warnings to the friends of the movement, precautions in dealing with its enemies. It was enough to paralyze and ruin any plot, and utterly rout the conspirators before the first blow was struck, to be taken at such a disadvantage. But Hidalgo, fortunately for Mexico, had the peculiar order of mind that grows the cooler with the necessity for coolness. He was not thrown off his balance, and was presently to show himself as remarkable in his practical as in his intellectual faculties. His very first step was a stroke of genius. He knew the Mexicans to be profoundly, superstitiously attached to their religion. So he determined to give the movement for national independence the character of a crusade. Liberty, in the abstract, would not have moved a people so long trampled under foot as to find it impossible to conceive of the beautiful daughter of the gods, much less embrace her. The State, backed by the Church, was too powerful to be encountered by a few feeble swords. To have struck at the Church would have been to be condemned roundly in Turkish fashion as "dogs of infidels." Hidalgo enlisted the Church as his first recruit, under the banner of "Our

Lady of Guadaloupe," and made liberty a Mexican deity for whom it was a religious duty to die. He went to his parish church one morning, said mass as usual; and then, taking up a black paper banner with the figure of the Virgin rudely traced on it, he advanced with it to the steps of the sanctuary, and displaying it, broke into impassioned speech. He told them that they were the slaves of a slave; that Ferdinand was in the power of Napoleon; that they were to be sold to the French by their Spanish rulers; that their religion was not safe in the hands of the Jacobins. He appealed to them as his children and friends, painted the sufferings and wrongs they had received in the past, the freedom and happiness that would be theirs in the future; and as an earnest of that future, such as they could understand and appreciate, declared that the hated "*tributos*," exacted of them ever since the Conquest, should be at once and forever remitted. "Liberate your country! Defend your religion! Follow this sacred banner!" he cried. The effect was electrical. They loved and reverenced Hidalgo above all men, thanks to his beneficent ministrations among them, and his long championship of the cause of the humble and poor against the rich and powerful. They adored that banner as they did no other symbol or relic.

From the earliest times an Aztec divinity, Tonantzin, the mother of the gods, was worshipped at a shrine which afterward became that of "Mary, the Mother of God," in consequence of a miracle thus described by the old chronicler Fray Agustin de Vetancourt, in 1672:

* "Juan Diego, a native of Cuanhtitlan, who lived with his wife, Lucia Maria, in the town of Tolpetlac, went to hear mass in the Church of Santiago Tlaltelolco, on the morning of Saturday, December 9th, 1531. As he neared a hill called Tepeyácac, he heard the music of angels. Then beheld he, amid splendors, a Lady, who spoke to him, directing him to go to the bishop and tell him that it was her will that in that place a temple should be built to her. Upon his knees he listened to her bidding, and then, happy and confused, betook himself to the bishop with the message given him. But, while the bishop heard him with benignity, he could not give credence to the prodigy that he was told. With this disconsolate answer Juan returned, finding there again the Lady, who heard what he had to tell and bade him come to her again. Therefore on the Sunday ensuing he was at the hillside, when she appeared to him for the third time, and repeated her order that he should convey to the bishop her command that the temple should be built. The bishop heard the message still incredulous, and ordered that the Indian should bring some sure sign by which he might be shown that what he told was true, and when

* The translation is Janvier's.

the Indian departed the bishop sent two of his servants to watch him secretly. Yet, as he neared the holy hill, he disappeared from the sight of the watchers. Unseen, then, of these he met the Lady, and told her that he had been required to bring some sure sign of her appearance. She told him to come next day and he should have that sign. But when he came to his home he found there his uncle, Juan Bernadino, lying very ill of the fever the Indians call *cocolixtli*. All through the next day he was busied in his attendance on the sick man; but the sickness increased, and early on the morning of December 12th he went to call from Tlaltelolco a confessor. That he might not be delayed in his quest by the Lady's importunities, he went not by the usual path, but by another skirting the eastern side of the hill. But, as he passed the hill, he saw the Lady coming down to him, and heard her calling to him. He told her of his errand and its urgent need for quickness, whereupon she replied that he need not feel further trouble, as already his uncle's illness was cured. Then ordered she him to cut some flowers from that barren hill, and to his amazement he perceived flowers growing there. She charged him to take these miraculous flowers to the bishop as the sign he had requested, and she commanded that Juan Diego should show them to no other until they were seen of the bishop's eyes. Therefore he wrapped them in his *tilma*, or blanket, and hastened away, and then from the spot where Most Holy Mary stood there gushed forth a spring of brackish water, which now is venerated and is an antidote to infirmities. Juan Diego waited at the entrance of the bishop's house until he should come out, and when he appeared and the flowers were shown him, there was seen the image of the Virgin beautifully painted upon the Indian's *tilma!* The bishop placed the miraculous picture in his oratory, venerating it greatly; and Juan Diego, returning to his home with two servants of the bishop, found that his uncle had been healed of his sickness in the very hour that the Virgin declared that he was well. As quickly as possible the bishop caused a chapel to be built upon the spot where the Virgin had appeared and where the miraculous roses had sprung from the barren rock; and here he placed the holy image on February 7th, 1532. Juan Diego and his uncle became the servants of the Virgin in this sanctuary. And Juan Diego, being moved by a sermon preached by the venerable Fray Toribio Montolinia, his wife Lucia consenting and taking a like vow, took there the vow of chastity. Thenceforth he lived in a little house beside the chapel, and there he died a most Christian death."

Papal sanction was for more than a century withheld from this miracle, so far as formal official recognition went; but the Mexican Virgin had become the Patroness and Protectress of the people long before she was so declared by the Congregation of Rites at Rome, having been chosen to this office by the local chapters and natives in consequence of the protection she had given during the fearful pestilence of 1736, the *matlazahuatl.*

It will be seen, then, what tact and intelligence Hidalgo showed in making this divinity—the especial friend of the Indians and of all common and humble folk, all Mexicans—the presiding genius of his movement, instead of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios, or the Señora de Refugios, or the Señora de la Soledad, the Señora of Aran-

zazú, el Señor de Siete Velos, to say nothing of Santa Maria la Redonda, San Diego de Alcalá, San José, San Francisco, San Pablo, San Sebastian, and other favorites. On seeing that banner the people shouted "*La Virgen de la Guadaloupe! Viva la independencia! Mueran los Gachupines!*"* like so many madmen. It was worth many legions and a mint of money. In twenty-four hours, Hidalgo had as many thousand men ranged under it. Hidalgo hastened to take the original picture from its sanctuary at Atotonilco, for which the paper banner of his parish church had been a substitute, and of which it was a humble copy. It drew adherents to him, as the other queen of heaven, the moon, does the waves. Every *ranchero*, herdsman, ploughman, laborer, in the neighborhood first, then the province, then other provinces, hurried to Hidalgo to be armed with swords, clubs, poles, guns, reaping-hooks, stamped the image of the Lady of Guadaloupe in their *sombreros*, and entered upon a struggle destined to last eleven years and to shake off a rule that had lasted three hundred. With a bit of black paper Hidalgo convulsed a whole country, and inspired a nation of slaves with the two great requisites for a revolution, courage and resolution; faith in God and themselves. Old men, young men, priests, gentlemen, peasants, women, all caught the sacred spark and burned to see their country free. The movement was that of a prairie fire; the country a stubble-field through which it flashed, a "roaring war" indeed. Allende, with a small band of regulars (deserters), joined Hidalgo at Dolores, September 10th, as did Aldama and Abasolo of the same regiment; and having thrown down the gauntlet to Spain, Hidalgo did not wait to see it picked up, but promptly moved upon and captured San Felipe, Zelaya, San Miguel-el-Grande, cities of from 10,000 to 16,000 inhabitants. The persons of Europeans he did his best to protect; but he confiscated their property for the support of his army, and supplied not only their needs, but another motive for becoming patriots as powerful, if not as honorable, as the religious one. He needed no recruiting sergeants after this. His army swelled to 40,000 men immediately, and he marched on Guanajuato, a rich city of 80,000 inhabitants, the capital of the mining district. It was gallantly defended by the Spanish commander, Rianon, but his garrison was small and he was obliged to capitulate. Hidalgo took possession September 29th, secured $5,000,000, went on confiscating and dividing the booty among his followers, and constantly gaining adherents. He was

* The Spaniards are called *Gachupines* in Mexico; in Buenos Ayres, *Maturrangos*.

everywhere welcomed by the people with salvos of artillery, and *Te Deums* were sung in the churches in honor of his victories by sympathizing priests, who were nationalists as well.

The Virgin of Guadaloupe was sweeping all before her. The Government could not believe that anything could come out of Nazareth, that a Creole priest could be a great leader; that the people, "the mutable, rank-scented many," could, with their "garlic breaths," blow a tempest that would wreck the ship of state, with all its purple sails still proudly spread, manned by a Spanish crew, officered by the haughtiest *hidalgos*, commissioned by a king, and blessed by the Pope. They made the mistake of "holding them in human action and capacity of no more souls or fitness for the world than camels in the war, which receive their provender only for bearing burdens, and sore blows for sinking under them," so, having "dispropertied their freedoms" and "silenced their pleaders," they thought the questions of relative superiority and inferiority, and of Spanish domination settled once for all. The only thing to do was to wait until this summer cloud should blow over, or expend itself harmlessly, and, the foolish disturbance being at an end, everything would resume its usual course. Not so the Church. All the clerical aristocracy rose as one man against Hidalgo. His archbishop excommunicated him. The bishops of Mexico, Michoacan, Puebla, denounced him. He was anathematized in the pulpit. The Inquisition, a failing force, making up in bitterness what it lacked in strength, assailed him as "a Lutheran," summoned him to give a reason for the faith that was not in him. Hidalgo, like Cortez, "desired peace, but was not afraid of war." Like Cortez, again, he was "a good cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Virgin, to Apostle St. Peter, and all the other saints." The priest and soldier in him were convertible terms, as with Cortez, who was as anxious to convert as to conquer; their methods like their aims, were similar; in breadth of mind, energy of soul, benevolence of character, they greatly resembled each other. So now it was with all the boldness of Cortez that he resisted the commands and edicts of the Inquisition. His answer to them was, "I am a loyal Catholic in faith, you in politics. Is it necessary to be a slave of Spain in order to be a true Catholic? To accede to your demands would be to do violence to all my noblest instincts and betray the holiest trusts." To his friends about him he said, "They are anxious, not about our souls, but their money, lands, dominion over us, whom they would keep forever under foot. Let

us establish a congress with delegates from every city and province of this kingdom, establish our holy, Roman, apostolic religion (we know no other), and a government of brothers by brothers, that will look to the peculiar needs of every *pueblo*, alleviate the condition of the poor, encourage arts, revive industry, use the great riches that the Great Giver has scattered over this immense continent for the use of the people."

He set to work, as soon as Guanajuato was carried, to establish such a government and to discipline a mob, otherwise his army. He had gathered around him a remarkable group of men, and did not lack for counsel or help. To Don Mariano Jimenez, an eminent professor, was intrusted the civil organization of the party; Don Casimirio Chovell, Administrator of Mines, undertook to provide arms and munitions of war, gunpowder, cannon, foundries; Don José Chico, who belonged to one of the principal families of Guanajuato, charged himself with the government of his province; while to other influential men were confided other trusts—the finances, military organization, and public measures of various kinds. Allende's regiment had joined Hidalgo *en masse* after San Miguel was taken, and he tried to make them the nucleus of a regular army. There had been grave excesses committed by his soldiery already (which his enemies then and afterward laid to his charge), during the storming of the Alhondiga de Granaditas, the great fortress of the city. But nothing could be more unjust. Like General Prim, who said "he could not make war with bishops," Hidalgo, when he struck at Spain, had to use the only weapon at hand; so he had been unable wholly to control an armed peasantry thirsting for revenge and perfectly undisciplined. A lady of the Barranda family gives an interesting account of him as he appeared in the full flush of his first great victory. She had flown to him to intercede for her husband, while the dead and dying were still heaped about the fortress, its stairs still slippery with blood, and the whole place a scene of the most terrible confusion. She found him standing in his black cassock, the pavement about him splashed with tell-tale drops, the miraculous banner of Guadaloupe in the corner of the room, his soldiers coming and going, and he himself pale, calm, grave, master of himself and the situation, if ever man was. He received her kindly, promised her protection, and said to her: "Madam, circumstances force me to allow evils that I am the first to see and lament. I have saved your husband, my old acquaintance, from the

fury of my soldiers. I wish I could succor all his unfortunate companions."

The Spanish Government continued its attitude of contemptuous inactivity; and its adherents, the Viceroy, the Church, all the colleges, societies, social and official personages, contented themselves with loud denunciations of "the bandits," and protestations of fidelity to Spain. Whereupon Hidalgo put his army in motion and presented himself before Valladolid, took it, October 20th, without a blow, although it was a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and got with it the snug sum of $1,200,000 in silver. A regiment of Spanish dragoons and one of infantry joined him. The people welcomed him with open arms. A number of prominent Mexicans came to him, and henceforth identified themselves with the cause. Among them were some of the future leaders of the party: Don José Liceaga, afterward President of the first Mexican Congress; Don Agustin Iturbide, who modestly took service in the Regiment de Tres Villas as a subaltern, and was to become an emperor; Don José Torres, who was to be known as the Bayard of the movement, a peasant by birth, a knight by nature, and of that nobility which the French heralds recognized when they issued their patents in the name of "*Dieu—et les Bourbons.*" Followed by one servant, and armed with an old firelock, came another and most valuable ally, Morelos, a legion in himself as the sequel proved. Morelos was an old friend of Hidalgo. He was the son of a carpenter in Valladolid, had spent all his early youth in working to support his parents, had then gone to San Nicolas and entered the priesthood. The intimacy that he had formed with Hidalgo in the quiet of the cloister had never been broken, and the influence of the former upon his character had only increased with time; so that it was with delight that the two patriot-priests met, and vowed themselves afresh to another service, that of their country.

It was no small proof of the personal magnetism and superiority of Hidalgo that he could fuse, control, dominate all these remarkable men of every class and condition, possessing great gifts, and with conflicting interests and views. There seems to have been no revolt from his authority, no intrigue or divided counsels. He was the head and front of the offending, they the arms content to do his bidding. Up to this time Don Mariano Masolo had ostensibly directed the military operations; but Hidalgo thought the time had come for him to lay aside his shepherd's crook, gird his sword on his thigh,

and commend himself and his cause to the God of battles. He was therefore proclaimed General-in-Chief by the leaders assembled in council at Indaparapeo. As he wrote that same day to a friend, "*Can* you think of me as the Commander of the American Army?" It was entirely characteristic of his personal relations with the other leaders of the party that Allende, a soldier by profession, was the first to declare on this occasion: "Sir, your abilities, character, reputation, proclaim you the fittest person to become our *Generalissimo.* My sword shall be the first to support you." His first official act justified Allende's generous admiration. It was to issue a proclamation liberating all slaves and abolishing the "*tributos*" and the "*estancos*," or Spanish monopolies. In it he said:

"We have borne a cruel yoke imposed by ambition and avarice, an uninterrupted series of insults and provocations, for three hundred years with patience. We should deserve to be ranked (as we are) as the meanest of created things if we do not make every effort to gain and keep our liberty, establish just laws, and preserve our religion, for these are of all things the most sacred and precious. Let us arise, noble souls, from our profound abasement, and, using every resource that courage can devise, show the world a free people; and in doing this let us observe inviolably the laws of war, the rights of all. Let there be as little disorder and bloodshed as possible."

That his motives and aims might be understood by the people, he established a newspaper, the *Despertador Americano,* and the result of all these wise measures was that his army swelled to 80,000 men while he was in Valladolid. Morelos' influence over the Indians was second only to his own, and they flocked to his standard in such numbers that now, at last, the Spanish found themselves obliged to confess that these "despicable peons" were becoming dangerous enemies. The Inquisition assailed Morelos, and demanded his immediate submission. This being refused he was excommunicated, and in reply wrote, "This nation will never lay down its arms until its work is done." Baffled in the use of this time-honored weapon, which had no more effect upon the spirit of Mexican independence than bullets have upon ghosts, the Inquisition appealed to the Church at large, pointing out that the sentiment was becoming wide-spread, and that all ecclesiastical as well as temporal authority would come to an end unless the most energetic measures at once were taken. The Virgin of Remedies was consequently announced as the patroness of all good Catholics and loyal subjects, and officially pitted against the Lady of Guadaloupe. In the course of the struggle that followed between the two parties the most

absurd, not to say blasphemous, rivalries, invocations, and rites were inaugurated. Solemn grand mass would be said to the Lady of Guadaloupe for the patriots in Guanajuato. Solemn grand mass to the Lady of Remedies would be said in Mexico for the confusion and destruction of patriots, and the triumph of the Spaniards. The Virgin of Guadaloupe was shot in effigy by the Spaniards. The Virgin of Remedies could not help herself, but was torn to pieces in effigy by the insurgents. The horror of religious strife was added to that of civil war. Everybody anathematized everybody else. Never was a country in such turmoil. Industry, commerce, the mining interests were first paralyzed, then destroyed; class was divided against class; and all the complicated interests and machinery of the nation, social, political, and religious, were at variance and out of gear. The fears and terrors of the old, the timid, the helpless, were great, and were to be amply justified by the excesses which, apparently, are inseparable from civil war. The Spanish fled for refuge into the cities; the convents were crowded with ladies and children seeking an asylum that would not be violated. Quantities of treasure were concealed, or shipped off to other countries. The Viceroy, Venegas, could not believe his senses when he heard that San Luis, Cohahuila, Tamaulipas, Huichapan, the Mezquital, Nuevo Leon, and Texas had declared for Hidalgo. Haughty as Lucifer, he had made light of the whole movement, and it was only when Hidalgo put himself at the head of his army and marched out of Valladolid, occupied successively Marabatio, Tépétongo, Yordana, Ixtlinaca, and entered Toluca, a few leagues from the capital, that he owned a formidable enemy, and hurriedly set to work to retrieve his error.

Mexico had been placed under "the immediate protection" of the Virgin of Remedies; but still it was thought that an army would be useful, and 10,000 men were hastily got together. The command was intrusted to Don Torquato Truxillo. The battle of Las Cruces (the pass of the Monte de las Cruces) followed, and Don Torquato was repulsed, losing all his artillery, in spite of the fact that his celestial sovereign, the Lady of Remedies, had ordered him to give battle. This put the key of the city of Mexico in Hidalgo's hand. He had strained every nerve to get it. Yet, now that he held it, he dared not fit it into the wards. The city was garrisoned by 10,000 Spanish regulars, and although he knew that it also contained 30,000 malcontents, he could not make up his mind to pit his

undisciplined troops, unused as they were to artillery fire, against Venegas' veterans. Strange to say, the boldness that he had all along shown, the nerve for which he had been so remarkable, suddenly and unaccountably forsook him when he most needed them. He dared not put it to the touch, and win or lose all. Perhaps the anathemas that had been heaped upon his head took effect all at once. "Incantations and arsenic will kill a flock of sheep," as Voltaire has pointed out. Plus anathemas and minus gunpowder (which was poor Hidalgo's situation), the result is apt to be failure. Callejas, the Spanish general, was reported to be advancing, which made the risk even greater—so great that Hidalgo committed the fatal blunder of waiting inactive, undecided, for twenty-five days, and then ordering a retreat. A prompt and bold attack might have secured a great victory; retreat meant defeat and martyrdom, the beginning of the end. Allende saw this, and counselled a different course so ardently that a coolness ensued between Hidalgo and himself. But it was of brief duration. Both men were cast in too noble a mould for petty squabbling; whatever difference of opinion might exist between them, each loved and respected the other, and both knew that they had not been mistaken in each other, no matter what mistakes either made. When Callejas came, Hidalgo fell back upon Guadalajara, and Allende showed himself all that was brave and vigilant. As Allende had surmised, Callejas followed; the golden opportunity had passed; the tide had not been taken at the flood; and it is to the honor of this brave soldier that, well as he knew that his life-blood was ebbing with it, he never dreamed of deserting the cause, or of making his peace with the Government, as so many Mexican officers, before and since. He was true to his colors, and covered the retreat so skilfully, that he was for a while like a shield constantly interposed between the two armies. But in spite of his efforts, Callejas overtook Hidalgo and gave him battle at Aculco, on November 7th. The Indians, as Hidalgo had foreseen, could not stand the onset of the Spanish veterans. They fled pell-mell; the Mexican regulars, even, became disordered, but, after a fashion, held their own. Hidalgo left 10,000 dead on the field and continued his retreat toward Guadalajara. A series of disastrous engagements followed, and finally a decisive pitched battle, at the bridge of Calderon. Allende urged Hidalgo to avoid this, to take refuge in more rapid flight and a partisan warfare; but his advice, good as it was, was not accepted. The result was a victory

for Callejas, who, however, did not know how to utilize it, and allowed Hidalgo to carry off his treasure and munitions of war. Hidalgo might have intrenched himself in Zacatecas, or sought refuge in the more inaccessible portions of some one of the many provinces that owned his sway, but he perversely determined to march toward Texas. This destroyed his last chance of success; at least it was a decision that resulted most unfortunately. He had long coveted the help of, and an alliance with, the infant Republic of States, and had sent two envoys to Congress to try to secure it, as yet quite without success. He doubtless hoped to take temporary refuge under the wings of the American eagle until those of the Mexican bird were full grown—to reorganize his forces, and when strong enough, regain all that he had lost.

It was a practicable scheme enough, and might have been carried out but for the conduct of one man. The base blot that has stained every Mexican military enterprise of note was now to appear—treachery. And treachery was the one thing for which Hidalgo, the noble and generous-hearted, was not, and could never have been, prepared. He and Allende, after the defeat at Calderon, had both been offered pardon at this price, and had scorned it, declaring their perfect faith in the ultimate triumph of their cause, and their determination to abide by the issue they had made. But it was not so with all their party. Disorders and desertions had come with failure. There were many who did not mean to sink with the ship, and hurried off out of harm's way as fast as they could when it became evident that the cause was losing, almost lost. And then a certain Ignacio Elizondo, whose name has been execrated ever since, wrote to Hidalgo expressing great sympathy with the reverses he had suffered, and asking for a rendezvous. Hidalgo appointed a time and place for the meeting, and had not the least suspicion of his motive. Elizondo concealed his troops in ambush and waited for him. Allende and some other officers drove first to the spot, and found themselves betrayed. Allende drew his pistol and fired at Elizondo, who knocked it up, diverting the fire from himself to his son, who was killed. The Independents were then overpowered, and Hidalgo, coming up a little later on horseback, was set upon and seized. All this happened at Acatila de Bajen, March 21st, 1811. Fifty Mexican leaders were shot on the spot without any sort of trial, or so much as a drum-head court-martial. Elizondo had made his peace with the Government at this price. Hidalgo, Allende, and Abasolo were

hurried off to Chihuahua, and salvos of artillery all over Mexico announced that the cause was lost, the war over. Great was the official jubilation. The "bandits" had been scattered like chaff before the wind by invincible Spain. The "people" had been taught a lesson, and it would be seen now whether these low-born "peons" would ever dare lift head or hand or heel against their rightful masters. The Virgin of Guadaloupe was the least of all the saints in the calendar. The Virgin of Remedies was the one only true Queen of Heaven, and as such had tons of wax-lights, roses, offerings, incense laid upon her lucky shrine.

But the seed of Mexican independence had only fallen into the ground, there to fructify, and in due time bloom into the fadeless laurels of liberty. "What! have we no other generals than these in America?" exclaimed a lady, when she heard the sound of the cannon, and knew that Hidalgo, the hope of his country, was a prisoner. The party still existed. The people had learned their power, and tasted of the fruit of the knowledge of good as well as of evil government. All was not ended. The Mexican prisoners were all taken first to Monclova. From there all the priests except Hidalgo were sent to Durango and shot—under ecclesiastical patronage and supervision, of course. When the captives reached Chihuahua, all the remaining leaders were sentenced without such tedious formalities as judge and jury, and shot. Chovell was summarily executed in the same way in the public plaza of Guanajuato. The Corregidor of Querétaro, Don José Dominguez, in spite of his public services and extraordinary private benevolence to the poor, in spite of influential friends and high rank, was shot. His wife, the Señora Josefa, a most devoted wife and mother and patriot, a woman with an intellect as cool as that of any man and a heart as warm as that of any woman, a lady of rank and as beloved as her husband, was seized and thrown into a common prison, where she languished until she was an old woman. When released by the Cortes of Cadiz, she found her property confiscated, her children reduced to beggary, the ruin of her family complete; yet, it is said, she counted all these sacrifices for her country as her best rewards, and never regretted the old Querétaro days when, under cover of the meetings of a literary society, she had secretly done so much to foment a revolution. Abasolo, thanks to his wife's political influence, escaped death. He was sent to Cadiz with her, and died in the Castle of Santa Catalina. Arrando, the Governor of Texas, was punished by imprisonment for

nine years, and Molano, another leading sympathizer, was sentenced for life. Allende and Aldama were shot. The Government from the first had refused to observe the ordinary rules of warfare, and now showed itself remorseless.

Hidalgo's case was too important to be disposed of out of hand, even by such rulers. He was put in prison, and the "Process," or trial before civil and ecclesiastical tribunals, if it can be called a trial, lasted four months. Olivares, the Bishop of Durango, arraigned him before the Church Court, and, the better to do so, invoked the assistance of Don Francisco Valentin, Doctor of Canon Law. This authority was as anxious as anybody to get rid of Hidalgo, it would seem; but he had a reputation to sustain, and accordingly we find him writing to the bishop: "Hidalgo must be disgraced, but unfortunately the power to do so is given to bishops only (Council of Trent, caption 4, sec. 13)." This report upon the "Case of the Curate Hidalgo" had not the effect of delaying or altering a sentence already determined. The bishop and the *Commandante-General* vested themselves with any and all rights necessary in order to carry their point. Hidalgo was summoned, appeared before them, quietly and with perfect dignity affirmed his right to do as he had done, assumed all the consequences of his acts, and absolutely refused to make any revelations implicating his companions. His self-commissioned judges degraded him from the priesthood, and sentenced him to death in the name of the Roman Pontiff and the King of Spain. He was then sent back to prison. When the day came he rose early, gave himself up to his devotions, appeared cheerful, afterward scrawled some lines on the wall of his cell,* parted kindly with his

* *Ortega tu crianza fina,*
Tu indole y estilo amable,
Siempre te haran apreciable
Aun con gente peregrina.

Tiene proteccion divina,
La piedad que has ejercido
Con un pobre desvalido
Que mañana va á morir
Y no puede retribuir
Ningun favor recibido.

Melchor, tu buen corazon
Ha adunado con pericia
Lo que pide la justicia
Y exige la compasion.

Das consuelo al desvalido
En cuanto te es permitido

guards, and went to his death as calmly as though he had been merely going to his bed for the night. His last words were these, spoken simply, without any sort of bravado: "The knell of Spanish rule has been sounded. *It will come.*"

. . . . . .

So died, for the time, as remarkable a movement, all things considered, as history records. And so died to time, and for his country, the first liberator of slaves on this continent, a man now venerated as a saint throughout Mexico, and revered all over the world, a man great in intellect, eminently magnanimous, humane, generous, noble in thought and action, a devoted priest, a loyal friend, a true patriot, deserving the admiration and gratitude that have gained for him the name of "the Washington of Mexico," and associated him in the minds of men with our great countryman as well as with all the noble army of martyrs for truth's sake.

. . . . . .

The Mexicans were determined to be rid of European domination. Morelos, who had escaped the fate of his comrades, kept the sentiment of independence alive for a long while; and in spite of the increased power and strenuous efforts of Church and State, liberalism spread rapidly among all classes everywhere. Morelos was at last captured in July, 1815, and brought before the Inquisition. "The Presbitero José Maria Morelos is an unconfessed heretic," they declared, "an abettor of heretics, and a disturber of the ecclesiastical hierarchy; a profaner of the holy sacraments; a traitor to God, the King, and the Pope." He was condemned to do penance in a penitent's dress, degraded, shot. But it was only the Inquisition that died. This was their last *auto-da-fé*, the first having been one held in 1574, at which, as Fray Baltasar de Medina records with much *gusto*, "twenty-one pestilent Lutherans" were disposed of. Vicente Guerero, another patriot, took the standard from Morelos' hands. An obscure, ignorant, poor man, who, before the revolution, did not so much as know how to read or write, he had served under Morelos with ever-growing distinction, and now he intrenched himself in his mountains and showed how right Allende had been to

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Partes el postre con él
Y agredecida Miguel
Te da las gracias rendidas.

Ortega and Melchor Gorozpe were the governors of his prison and were extremely kind to him—so much so that they received an ovation for it when independence was achieved.

counsel a partisan war. The sole representative of the lost cause, he contrived somehow, without money, arms, or munitions, to keep it up against overwhelming odds, and make a splendid, tireless resistance. His prudence, courage, and heroic constancy saved the party and country from ruin. He eventually reigned all over the South, was a military martinet, a suave, clever, and, it must be confessed, very barbarous man. But that this "*hijo de pueblo*," as he is called, had the good of his country at heart, had noble desires, and was destitute of personal ambition, was shown by his reply to Iturbide, who wished to confer with him: "Do you decide what is for the best interests of our common country. I am content to serve under you as a man without ambition; whose sole ambition, rather, is to resist oppression, and not to elevate himself on the ruin of his countrymen. I can imagine no disgrace like submitting to the Spanish Government, and procuring my own pardon thereby. I will resist it to the last moment of my life. *Libertad! Independencia! Ó muerte!*" Indefensible as were his excesses, it is not surprising that Mexicans speak of him now as the "*benemérito de su patria.*" The surprising thing is that, the revolution completed, he reaped only ingratitude, and that his country allowed him, so long their only defender, to be shot.

Thanks largely to him it was not long, as nations count, before *Te Deums* were being sung in the old church of San Francisco (the church in which Cortez heard so many masses, and in which his bones were laid) in honor of Mexican independence. It came as Hidalgo foresaw and predicted; and his head, which had been all the while stuck on a pike above the Alhondiga de Granaditas (flanked by the heads of Jimenez, Allende, and Aldama), with an inscription * above it almost effaced, was taken down, and, together with the remainder of his body, buried with great pomp by high and mighty ecclesiastics in the Cathedral of Mexico, where it now rests.

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

* This inscription was a curiosity in its way: "The heads of Miguel Hidalgo, Ignacio Allende, Juan Aldama, and Mariano Jimenez, insidious intriguers and leading chiefs of the Revolution, who have seized the property of the Religion of God and the Real Presence, and shed with the greatest atrocity the blood of faithful priests and just Magistrates: the cause of all the calamities, disgraces, and disasters which all the inhabitants of this land, an integral part of Spain, suffer and deplore.

"Nailed here by order of Señor Brigadier Don Felix Maria Calleja, of the King, the illustrious victor of Aculco, Guanajuato, and Calderon, and restorer of the peace in this America.

"GUANAJUATO, October 14, 1811."

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN LITERATURE.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in a recent article on the Greek Anthology, reminds us that in many of these fragments of a rich and varied literature we come upon lines full of the modern spirit. The large objective manner of the earlier poets has given place to an introspective mood significant of a deepening self-consciousness, and the remote epic themes have been succeeded by subjects more intimate and personal. It is true that no period of literature is wholly destitute of glimpses into familiar life, of disclosures of personal experience; but when the epic and the drama are in the ascendant these are incidental and subordinate. The great emotions and convictions are presented in types and symbols; multitudes of persons are represented by colossal figures, the range and compass of whose lives create an impression of universality. The pyramids are race monuments; they have preserved no record of the individual hardship and sacrifice involved in their construction. In like manner the book of Job, *Prometheus Bound*, *Hamlet*, and the *Cid* perpetuate ages of personal experience and achievement in commanding types of human nature. The personal element is the very substance of which these typical men and women are formed, but art has discarded that which was individual in its instinctive search for those qualities which are of universal moment and significance. The personal element enters as substance but not as form in the earlier literatures; the individual is of value only as he contributes to those ideal conceptions which live and act in epic remoteness from common life. The mountains are of the same substance as the plain, but on their summits the shepherd's pipe is not heard, nor are the sheep housed there.

It is just here that we note one of the most striking differences between the literature of comparatively modern origin and that of earlier periods. The books of this century, contrasted with those of preceding centuries, present a greatly increased complexity of motives, moods, themes, situations. Probably not one phase of experience of any significance has escaped record at the hands of either poet, novelist, essayist, or critic. Never before has there been

such a universal confession of sins to a confessor devoid of any power of absolution; never before such a complete and outspoken revelation of the things which belong to our most secret lives. The old declaration that there is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed is already fulfilled in our hearing. Those of us who read books must be slow of mind and of heart if we have missed a real and vital knowledge of the age in which, and the men among whom, we live. An impartial spirit of revelation presides over the world of our time and uncovers the unclean and the loathsome as persistently as the pure and the good. The selective principle of the older art has given place to a profound passion for knowledge of life; we are determined to know what is in man at all risks to our tastes and our conventional standards. The process is disagreeable but the fact is significant, and we shall make a great mistake if in our detestation of the methods of some contemporary writers we refuse to see the meaning of their appearance and activity.

Literature is so closely related to the whole movement of life that every decided tendency which it discloses, every dominant impulse which it reveals, may be studied with the certainty that some fact of human experience, some distinct energy of human purpose and desire, lies behind. The reflection of moving stars and overhanging trees in the depths of still waters is not more perfect than the reproduction of the thoughts and aims and passions of a generation in the books it writes and reads. This conception of the indissoluble union of literature and life is no longer novel and startling to us; but we have so recently come to understand it that we have not yet fully grasped all there is in it of suggestive and fruitful truth. Not until we have finally and forever abandoned the old conception of literature as an art, conformed to certain fixed and final standards, shall we learn the deepest things which books have to teach us. So long as we conceive of literature as an art whose limitations and methods have been established for all time, we shall have small comprehension of modern literature, very imperfect sympathy with it, and a very inadequate conception of its meaning and its tendency.

Compared with the literature of earlier periods, modern books, as has been said, show distinctly and obviously an immensely increased complexity of form and spirit; the passion for truth and for expression has become so general and so powerful that it has burst many ancient channels and made countless new courses for itself. Literature to-day tells the whole truth so far as it knows it;

formerly it told only such truths as were consistent with certain theories of art. If a modern artist were to paint the parting of Agamemnon and Iphigenia he would tell the whole story in the agony of the father's face; the Greek artist, on the other hand, veiled the father's anguish in order that the high tranquillity of art might not be disturbed. When Agamemnon was murdered or Œdipus with his own hand put out his eyes that they might not be the unwilling witnesses of his dreadful fate, the theatre knew only by report that these events had taken place; to-day the whole direful course of the tragedy is wrought out in full view of the spectators. It may be urged that this removal of the old limits of proper representation in art marks a decadence of the art spirit, a loss of the instinct which set impalpable bounds to the work of the imagination. But it is evident that this expansion of the scope of artistic representation has not been consciously brought about by men who have worked to a common end and bequeathed to their intellectual successors a tradition of iconoclasm. The change has come so slowly and so inevitably that it must be recognized as a universal movement; the working out of impulses and instincts which are a part of universal human nature, and, therefore, normal and necessary. Great literary movements are never consciously directed; they are always the expression through art of some fresh energy of conviction, some new and large hope and passion of a race or an epoch. The general development of literature is, therefore, in its main directions inevitable and beneficent; else all progress is a blunder and life is a stagnant pool and not a running stream.

While there have been periods of decadence, we must assume that the unfolding of the literary power and faculty has been progressive, and has taken place under laws whose operation has been above and beyond human control. Men have spoken through all the forms of art thoughts of whose origin and final outcome they have known as little as one knows of the ports from which and to which the vessels sail as they come and go against the blue of the offing. The expansion of the field of literature has not been a matter of choice; it has been a matter of necessity, and our chief concern is to accept it as a revelation of the general order under which we live, and to seek to understand the meaning of it. Students of literature know that when they come upon a period of large and fruitful activity, they will find the literary movement contemporaneous with some widespread and vital movement of thought, some profound stirring of

the depths of popular life. Without the unusual enrichment of soil the sudden and affluent fertility never takes place. If the English people had not been charged with an outpouring of national spirit strong enough to invigorate English life from the Strand to the Spanish Main, the great drama of Shakespeare and his fellow-craftsmen would never have been written. If literature has been vastly extended, it has been because the literary impulse has made itself more generally felt. Formerly a few men and women wrote the books of the world. They were the voices of a silent world; as we listen we seem at first to hear no other words than theirs. We might hastily conclude that there were no thoughts in those old times but those that come to us from a few lips musical with an eloquence which charms time itself into silence and memory. These great souls must surely have been of other substance than the countless multitudes who died and gave no sound; remote from the lost and forgotten civilizations which surrounded them, they breathed a larger air and moved with the gods. But as we listen more intently and patiently, these puissant tones seem to issue from a world-wide inarticulate murmur; they are no longer solitary; they interpret that which lies unspoken in countless hearts. How solitary Job sits among his griefs as we look back upon him! All the races who dwelt about him have vanished; the world of activity and thought in which he lived has perished utterly; but there stands the immortal singer with that marvellous song of which another has written: "sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars." But this sublime argument, which moves on with such a sweep of wing, is not the thought of Job alone; it is the groping, doubting aspiration of the East finding voice and measure for itself; it is the movement of the mind of a people through its long search for truth; it is the spiritual history of a race. The lonely thinker, under those clear Eastern skies, in that deep Eastern solitude, made himself the interpreter of the lost world which he alone has survived. Back of the great poem there is an unwritten history greater and more pathetic than the poem itself, could we but uncover it.

Great books are born not in the intellect but in experience, in the contact of mind and heart with the great and terrible facts of life; the great conceptions of literature originate not in the individual mind but in the soil of common human hopes, loves, fears,

aspirations, sufferings. Shakespeare did not invent Hamlet; he found him in human histories already acted out to the tragic end. Goethe did not create Faust; he summoned him out of the dim mediæval world, brought him face to face with the crucial experiences of life, and so fashioned a character and a career which have become typical. "It takes a great deal of life," said Alfred de Musset, "to make a little art." The more deeply we study great books the more clear it becomes that literature is not primarily an art born of skill and training, but the expression of man's growth into comprehension of his own life and the sublime order of which he is part. Life itself is the final fact for which all men of genuine gift and insight are searching, and the great books are either representations or interpretations of this all-embracing fact. There are wide differences of original endowment, of temperament, of training, of environment; there are broad contrasts of spirit, method, treatment; but a common impulse underlies all great works of literary genius. When Byron, with a few daring strokes, draws the portrait of Manfred, when Wordsworth meditates among the Cumberland Hills, each in his way draws near to life; the one to picture and the other to interpret it. No rapt and lonely vision lifts them to heights inaccessible to common thought and need; their gift of insight, while it separates them from their fellows as individuals, unites them the more closely with humanity. The essential greatness of men of genius does not lie in their separation from their fellows, nor in any moods which are peculiarly their own; but in that inexplicable union of heart and mind which makes them sharers of the private life of the world, discerners of that which is hidden in individual experience, interpreters of men to themselves and to each other.

The great mass of men arrive late at complete self-consciousness, at a full knowledge of themselves. The earlier generations attained this self-knowledge for the most part very imperfectly; it was the possession of a few, and these elect souls spoke for the uncounted hosts of their silent contemporaries. When any considerable number of individuals of the same race secured this complete possession of themselves there was a wide and adequate expression of life as they saw it. By virtue of natural aptitude, of exceptional opportunity for knowing what is in life, and of a training of a very high and complete kind, the Greeks attained a degree of self-knowledge which was far in advance of the attainment of most of the Oriental races, and of all the Western races just emerging from barbarism. This

mastery of life and its arts was disclosed chiefly in one city, and within a single century that city enriched literature for all time by a series of masterpieces. If there had been elsewhere the same degree of self-consciousness, there would have been a corresponding impulse toward expression. But, except among the Hebrews, there was not; for the most part the races in the East contemporaneous with the Greeks did not attain anything more than a very inadequate conception of themselves and their relation to the world. Among the Hindoos there was, it is true, a very considerable and a very noble literary development; but this movement for expression was partial and inadequate because the knowledge that inspired it was partial and inadequate. The Hindoos entangled God in the shining meshes of his own creation; they never clearly separated him in thought from Nature, and they never perfectly realized their own individuality. The great Western races, on the other hand, were so absorbed in the vast activities of growth and empire that they had small inclination to study themselves; the Romans conquered the world, but when it lay within their grasp they did not know what to do with it, so inadequate was their knowledge of themselves and of the real nature of their possessions. The literature of such a race will rarely reveal any original impulse or force; it will not even express the consciousness of power, which is more clearly realized than anything else by such a people; it will be an imitative art, whose chief attraction will lie in the natural or acquired skill of individuals, and whose chief use will be to register great deeds, not to express and illustrate great souls and a great common life. The Northern races, whose various stages of growth were to be recorded in noble literary forms, were still in the period of childhood, and knew neither their own strength nor the weakness of the older civilization which surrounded them.

During periods of imperfect self-knowledge there will be necessarily fewer thoughts, convictions, or emotions to inspire expression; and these will be clearly felt and adequately uttered by a few persons. The simplicity of life in such periods makes a very massive and noble art possible; such an art as the Greeks created as a revelation of their own nature and an expression of their thought about themselves and the world. The limitations of such an art give it definiteness, clearness of outline, large repose and harmony. And these limitations are not imposed as a matter of artifice; they are in large measure unconscious and they are, therefore, necessary. To

impose the standards and boundaries of the art of such a period upon the art of later and immensely expanded periods would be as rational as to impose on the America of to-day the methods of the America of the colonial period.

As self-consciousness becomes the possession of a larger number of persons, becomes general rather than individual, the faculty of expression is correspondingly developed until the gift and office of the fortunate few become almost public functions. Apollo's lyre still yields its supreme melodies to the greatest souls only, but a host have learned to set their thought to its more familiar strains. Now, it is precisely this general development of self-knowledge which characterizes our modern life and reveals itself in our varied and immensely diversified literature. Humanity has come to a large measure of maturity. It has had a long history, which has been the record of its efforts to know its own nature and to master the field and the implements of its activity. It has made countless experiments, and has learned quite as much from its failures as from its successes. It has laboriously traversed the island in space where its fortunes are cast; it has listened intently, generation after generation, for some message from beyond the seas which encompass it. It has made every kind of venture to enlarge its capital of pleasure, and it has hazarded all its gains for some nobler fortune of which it has dreamed. It has opened its arms to receive the joys of life, and missing them, has patiently clasped a crucifix. It has drank every cup of experience; won all victories and suffered all defeats; tested all creeds and acted all philosophies; illustrated all baseness and risen to the heights of all nobleness. In short, humanity has lived; not in a few persons, a few periods, a few activities; but in countless persons, through long centuries, and under all conditions. Surely some larger and more comprehensive idea of life lies in the mind of the modern world than ever defined itself to the men of the earlier times! Society has still much to learn; but men have now lived long enough to have attained a fairly complete self-knowledge. They have by no means fully developed themselves, but they know what is in them. In short, humanity has come to maturity and to the self-consciousness which is the power of maturity.

With this self-consciousness there has come a corresponding power of expression; the two are as inseparable as the genius of the composer and the music through which it reveals itself, as the impulse of the sculptor and the carven stone in which it stands

expressed. Thought and expression, as Max Müller has recently demonstrated, are parts of one act; neither can exist without the other. As conceptions of life multiply and widen, language is unconsciously expanded and enriched to receive and convey them; as experience deepens, speech matches it with profounder and subtler phrase. With the power to communicate that which is essentially novel comes also the impulse. Expression is the habit and the law of civilized life. There is within us an instinctive recognition of the universal quality of thought and experience; we feel that neither can be in any sense our private possession. They belong to the world, and even when we endeavor to keep them to ourselves they seem to elude and escape us. No sooner does one utter a thought that was new to him than a hundred other men claim a common ownership with him. It was, as we say, in the air, and he had unconsciously appropriated that which was public property. There is a large and noble consistency behind our fragmentary thinking which makes us aware of some great order of things with which we are unconsciously working. Our lesser thought is always seen in the end to be part of a larger thought. The investigator working along one line of scientific research, finds his latest discovery of that which seemed the special law of his department matched by the discovery of the same law operating in an entirely different field. Men of large vision know that the same general tendencies are discoverable at almost any given time in science, art, philosophy, literature, and theology. The signifiance of these common tendencies is deepened by the fact that for the most part the individual workers in the different fields are unconscious of them. They are all unwitting witnesses to a higher and more comprehensive truth than that which each is bent upon demonstrating. There is, in other words, a continuous revelation of ultimate things through the totality of human activity and experience, and this revelation, which is co-extensive with universal life, presses upon men for expression. Whether they will or not, it will utter itself; behind all life it sets its mighty impulse, and nothing can resist it. With the immense expansion of modern life it was inevitable that there should be an immense expansion of literature; that new literary forms like the novel should be developed, that facts hitherto suppressed or unobserved should be brought to light, and that phases and aspects of experience hitherto unrecorded should suddenly enshrine themselves in art.

The broadening of the literary impulse, the impulse of expression,

has materially changed the prevailing character of literature and indefinitely multiplied its forms. Instead of commanding types, massive because isolated, there has succeeded a vast variety of more specialized types, in which the great truths of experience instead of being generalized into a few personalities are dispersed through many. Literature no longer reveals only the summits of thought and action; it displays the whole landscape of life; continent and sea, barren wilderness and blossoming field, lonely valley and shining peak. Personality is no longer sublimated in order to present its universal elements; it is depicted in its most familiar and intimate forms. In art Raphael's Madonnas and Michael Angelo's colossal figures have been succeeded by Bastian Le Page's "Jean d'Arc," and Millais' "Angelus," not because the religious feeling is less penetrating and profound, but because it recognizes in nearer and more familiar forms the sanctity and dignity it once saw only in things most beautiful and august. Under the same impulse the literary instinct seeks to discover what is significant in the life that is nearest, convinced that all life is a revelation, and that to the artist beauty is universally diffused through all created things. As the wayside flower, once neglected, discloses a loveliness all its own, so does the human thought, emotion, experience once passed by in the pursuit of some remoter theme. Literature, which holds so vital a relation to the inner life of men, shows in this more catholic and sympathetic selection of characters and scenes the new and deeper conception of human relationship which is now the most potent factor in the social life of the world.

One looks in vain through the earlier literatures for such frank disclosures of personal feeling and habit, such unveiling of self, as one finds in Montaigne, Cellini, Rousseau, and Amiel. But these direct and explicit confessions are hardly more personal and individual than the great mass of modern literature. We know the secret thoughts, the hidden processes of character, in Tito and Anna Karénina, even more completely than if these creations, become actual flesh and blood, had attempted to give us their confidence. The great writers who have drawn these masterly portraits have comprehended the significance of the almost imperceptible stages by which motives and impulses are moved forward to their ultimate issue in action, by which character is advanced from its plastic to its final and permanent form. They have seen that dramatic interest does not attach exclusively to those well-defined climaxes of experience which we call crises, but

invests and gives artistic value to the whole movement of life; that no acts which have moral or intellectual quality are unimportant. The peasant is quite as interesting a figure to the literary artist as the king, has become, in fact, far more attractive and suggestive, since nothing intervenes between him and human nature in its purest form. Our interest in the great fact of life has become so intense that we are impatient of all the conventions and traditions that conceal it from us. Our novels to-day are full of studies of men and women in the most primitive conditions and relations, and he must command the very highest resources of his art who would interest us in a character swathed in the trappings of royalty. These things seem tawdry and unreal to a generation that has caught even a glimpse of the awful meaning of life as it works out its purpose in every individual soul. If Shakespeare were living to-day his Lear would not be an uncrowned king, but the kinsman of that lonely, massive peasant-figure whose essential and tragic dignity Turgeneff has made so impressive in "The Lear of the Steppes." Genius is the highest form of sympathy, and in modern literature this supreme quality has made itself the interpreter of the whole vast experience of humanity. It has been irresistibly drawn to that which is lowly and obscure because it has discerned in these untrodden paths a beauty and a meaning essentially new to men; it has become conscious of the pathetic contrast between souls encompassed with limitations and the eternal elements of which they are compounded.

They must be blind indeed who fail to discover in this attitude of literature towards men and women as individuals a change of thought as vital as any that has ever taken place in history; a change which suggests a new reading of history in the light of the New Testament ideals. The commonest life is touched and irradiated by this spirit of insight, and in the lowliest, as in the most impressive person and fact, an inexhaustible significance is discovered. Literature has come close to life not only in its great historic manifestations but in its most familiar and homely aspects, and it lends itself with impartial sympathy to the portrayal and interpretation of both. The phrase whose novel appeal to a common humanity once brought out the thunderous applause of the Roman theatre is to-day written as a supreme law across all our arts. Nothing that is human is insignificant or without interest for us. Our common search is not for theories of life—they are all being cast aside because they are all inadequate—but for the facts of life. There is coming to us

at last the slow dawning of a great and worthy thought of this life of ours and the universe in which it is set, and as this thought clears itself from imperfect knowledge and from ancient ignorance a new reverence for the humblest human soul is born within us. The expansion of the universe from the thought of Ptolemy to that of Tyndall has not been greater than the expansion of the conception of the meaning of life from the thought of the first or the thirteenth century to that of the nineteenth century. One result of this vaster conception of life is the recognition of its supremacy over the arts. They were once ends in themselves; they are now means of expression only. They were once supreme and final achievements; they are now records and registers of that which is greater than they.

Art is the necessary and universal quality of literature; it is the presence or absence of this quality which elects some books for long life and others for the life of a day. It is the impalpable and subtle touch of art which confers on a book, a picture, or a statue that longevity which we rashly call immortality. But as books accumulate, and as the years multiply into centuries and the centuries lengthen into epochs, we become conscious of the impotence of art itself to elude the action of that change from a lower to a higher form which we call death. There are in fact no finalities of expression; life has always a new word to utter, a new form to fashion. The greatest cannot hope to measure the complete span of a single age, much less the span of all history. We shall not think less of our arts but we are coming to have a new thought about them. The men that create them are greater than they; humanity is greater than the sum of all its achievements and expressions. Art must come closer to us, must be more reverent and humble, must be our servant and not master. Literature is already full of the signs of this change. It has suffered no real loss in the evolution through which it has passed from a few simple and impressive forms to an expression at once more flexible and of vastly increased volume. If the great chords that once vibrated to an infrequent hand are now less distinct and commanding, it is because tones that were silent have become vocal, and the lyre yields its full harmony to the passionate touch of life.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

"MARCÉLITE! but where is Marcélite? Send Marcélite to the parlor," called Madame Goupilleau to a passing servant. "Continue, Sister, continue, I am listening."

And the low voice of the Sister of Charity poured forth such a tale of asylum necessities, mingled with asylum gossip, that Madame Goupilleau was carried away again into forgetfulness of both Marcélite and the parlor.

"Is it possible! I can hardly believe it!"

The Sister had asked but for one moment in the corridor, but she had underestimated the length, and Madame Goupilleau the interest, of her budget. It sounded almost like a scandal in the church, a deplorable thing of infinite interest to all good Christians. Not until the volubly grateful itinerant disappeared with replenishment of her asylum's particular lack and exhaustion of its particular grievance did duty recall with painful jerk the chaperon to her charge.

"Ah, simpleton that I am! and I have vowed and vowed never to see those tiresome Sisters again."

She ran along the corridor to save what time she could, her long skirts rustling after her, holding her head with both hands and scolding it well. Without stopping she entered the parlor. Too late! At the first glance she saw that.

"Tante Eugénie!" exclaimed Marie Modeste with quavering breath as if waking from a dream.

"Madame!" apostrophized Charles Montyon, hurrying forward to meet her.

"Not a word! I know it all! It is my fault!" but she looked at them both reproachfully.

She had planned it otherwise, and far better, this scene, with a minute particularity for detail which only an outsider and a schemer in futurity can command. The young man would come to her first, of course, with his avowal, as etiquette prescribes. She would go to Marie herself, and delicately, as only a woman can, she would draw aside the veil from the unconscious heart and show the young girl the dormant figure of her love there; love whose existence she did not dream of.

"My daughter," she would say. Ah! she had rehearsed the discourse too often to have halted for a word. At any moment of the night or day her tongue could have delivered it. "My daughter!" all that as a daughter she had once craved to hear and been disappointed of, and all that her exempt mother's heart yearned to utter, she would tell. For she had a mother's heart, if by an error of nature she had never been a mother.

But the event always fools the prepared. Now, she knew not what to say or do. She was, in fact, embarrassed. It would have been better to depend upon the inspiration of the moment. She sank into an arm-chair and fanned herself with a handkerchief, which flavored the air with violet perfume.

"I beg a thousand pardons. I did not intend, I had no idea——" protested the young man.

That was so; when she was called away they were conversing about the climate of Paris.

"Tante Eugénie!" was all that Marie could murmur; for the dream held her still: a dream out of which she could not awake. Her eyes shone, touched with a new, bright light, and her white face swam behind blushes, appearing and disappearing like the moon behind thin clouds.

"She looks adorable, the little one," thought Madame. "If I could only have got hold of Marcélite I would have sent her to chaperon them."

It was not pleasant to think that the vigilance which had guaranteed a whole institute of girls should damage its record in these simple circumstances. A pest on Sisters and asylums! "*Eh, Mignonne!*" She drew the girl to her to look into those wonderfully brilliant eyes. It was impossible; the lids closed so quickly, and the long black lashes fell so thick on the cheeks, curling up at the ends as if singeing from the hot blushes; they even burned Madame's lips pressed against them. The troublesome face finally hid itself among the laces on her shoulder.

"Thou art sure? Very sure? No mistake? *Là! là!*" kissing her again. "After all it is what I expected. And you, monsieur," to Charles, who was standing close on the other side of her chair, "you have been indiscreet, as indiscreet as possible. You should have come to me first. You know that. Oh, no! I cannot pardon you, at least not immediately. Have you spoken to Monsieur Goupilleau?"

"Madame, I intended . . ."

"What! Not even spoken to my husband? But go down-stairs this moment, this instant! He is in his office."

"I assure you it was unpremeditated—leaving us alone——"

"Ah! that is what I have always said; those Sisters do no good, going around from house to house . . ."

She was fixed and inexorable; would not listen to him, would not even look at him, resting her head against the tall back of her chair, directing her eyes into vacancy.

Behind her, discretion was again violated and outraged. The hands of Marie and Charles met, of themselves first accidentally, and then purposely; would not part. And the eyes which had so much to conceal from Madame had for him abundant revelations, which the lashes did not hide from eyes that caused her lids to rise merely by glances. And her face came out of the blushes, a thin, white face in an oval frame of plaited black hair, and the lips parted as if again in the tremor of caress. Madame Goupilleau, with that big back to her chair, might just as well have been in the corridor again with the Sister.

"Tante Eugénie, I shall go with him. I, I——" she had to go, for the hands absolutely would not unclasp.

"My little girl is no more," thought Madame Goupilleau as they left her alone. "Well! *Ma bonne!*" to Marcélite, who came into the room. "Your young lady is going to make a fine marriage, a fine marriage. *Tiens!*" interrupting herself suddenly. "I wanted you; where were you? I called you to go into the parlor to chaperon. Ah! . . . I see now. You were in connivance! What innocence I have for my age!"

"Madame!" the quadroon's voice was apologetic, but her eyes were triumphant. "Such a good opportunity . . ."

"At least! At least, you did not send that stupid Sister to me?"

"That! No, madame! On my word of honor."

"In truth, I believe you capable of anything. What a rigmarole! The archbishop and some Madame Houbi, or Hibou, and a priest of Heaven knows where! . . . All the while '*ce beau monsieur*' was on his knees to mademoiselle.

"It is old Madame Montyon, however, who will have something to say," concluded Madame Goupilleau in thought. "She will beat a tocsin about our ears."

Madame Montyon, as expected, from the very first word of an-

nouncement resolutely vetoed any proposition of marriage between her step-son, her prospective heir, and a dowerless bride.

The old lady sat in her room in the twilight, going over her accounts, which, for convenience and secrecy, she carried in her head. A pleasant, wakeful occupation, adding dollar to dollar; watching the pile of gold, the concrete presentment of her numerous investments, grow, in endless, ceaseless, procreation. Her boudoir was as bare and simple as a soldier's quarters. There were no more effeminacies of culture or religion about it than about herself. She asked no other assistance from Providence than a neutral position as to her affairs, which she proposed to manage as her father had his army, without intermediation of saints or intermeddling of priests. And no one could deny that her affairs had paid her the compliment of prospering under the régime.

"No, my son, no," she reiterated, varying the formula not in the slightest degree. "Believe me, I know better than you. The young lady will not suit at all. In the first place, she has nothing."

"But, my mother . . ."

"In marriage there must be something; money is tangible, money remains; money is something, in fact . . ."

"Love?" he said, in a low voice, for it was novel to him, and he had yet to learn not to be shy of it.

"Love! Love! That for love!" snapping her fingers—which she could do with masculine effect.

And love was his theme, his inspiration, his reason; and love was her only dower! But it was like talking of God to an unbeliever.

"Be reasonable, listen to me! On my word of honor, as a woman who was not born yesterday, and who has not lived with her eyes shut, this is only temporary, momentary. She is not the only young woman in the world! *enfin*, I guarantee," raising her voice and her finger impressively, "I guarantee that you will meet at least, *at least*, one woman a year during the next ten years of your life whom you will love enough to make your wife. Ten women! Ten wives! *Tu Dieu!* and I am putting it low. No! I can never consent."

The rebellious retorts, the marplot of their domestic intercourse, which always rose in his heart at the sound of her voice, crowded to his tongue now, but he had no temper to utter them.

"Love, my dear, it passes like everything; only a little quicker.

This one will go like 'Good-morning'!" She kissed the tips of her fingers. "In point of fact, if you should marry Mademoiselle Motte now, and she should die, you would marry again in two years. Ah! don't jump so, don't exclaim at me that way. It is not my fault. I did not create men." Shrugging her shoulders, "After all, it is only nature; and nature is another name for a strong, ugly animal."

How could she talk so! He looked at her sitting below him, and for the first time tried to divest her of age, ugliness, and cynicism. She had been young once like Marie Modeste. Had she ever lifted her eyes to a man as Marie did, praying, yet dreading, his love? Had her warm hands ever got cold and trembled in the hand of another, as Marie's did? Had her slim form, for one instant, been in the arm of another? . . . or could first love ever be forgotten? Or was there one human being in the world whom this great ocean had not once enfolded, engulfed, drawn down, drowned beyond recollection, beyond comprehension of past, present, future, self, interest, money?

"And you think, you think . . . And women," changing the question, "can they not love? This young girl, Marie, she loves me, she has told me so." He laid his hand on her shoulder to accentuate his whisper.

The old lady's husband had married her for money, and had widowed her contemptuously during his life. She answered truthfully.

"If she loves you, all I have to say is that she will not be more disappointed now if you do not marry her, than some day if you do." His hand fell from her shoulder; he turned away. So old! So gray-haired! and the widow of his own father! He had not a word to say. His dreams and phantasies were frightened away. How the young are tied and hobbled, their most innocent plans twisted, turned, thwarted by the skeleton hand of a dead father, or mother, or grandparent, holding a careful entail of unhappiness and disgrace! And there is no relief from the debt! Flash after flash, illumination came in his brain along the dark spots of his ignorances, spots in his father's and mother's life which thought had glided over before, which his manhood had respected; preserved so far, by the miracle which preserves the ignorance of the young, in a secretless, mystery-less world!

"I assure you, my son"—his step-mother changed her voice briskly at the super-importance of her own business—"I am ex-

ceedingly pleased at the results of the Arvil succession. It is very good I came to attend to it myself. When we return to France . . ."

"Return to France?"

"I said, when we return to France. *Then* you will see the difference. You shall be installed '*en prince*.' Your separate establishment, your . . ." She checked off finger by finger her intentions for his pleasure and comfort. "*Then* you can talk of marriage, *then* you can select, *then* you will be a *parti* and you can marry a *partie*."

"And Mademoiselle Motte?"

"Eh! Will you never be convinced?" frowning angrily. "Is Mademoiselle Motte a *partie?* Has she a *dot?* Has she even a family? The foundling of a negro woman!"

"No! No!" Her own voice could not have been louder nor more authoritative. He came around and stood close in front of her chair. Without thinking, for his heart gave him no time, he spoke, soon changing his tone and his words, for his audience changed—the old woman and the chair fading away, and the room; and the young girl appearing, standing before him as she did this morning, transforming his defence into a tribute. In the early, powerful moments of first love, the real presence is carried around everywhere, and the sacrament of communion is celebrated in every silence, in every pause.

"Listen! Let me tell you once for all. A war had broken over her country. Her father was killed in the first engagement. Her mother died as soon as the news reached her; shot in fact and in truth by the same bullet. But one life was spared, a weak, wretched, frail infant; as if by a curse, a girl, to live and grow and develop in a detached condition. Her nurse, one of the very slaves about whom the war was being fought, aided the flight of the panic-stricken wife from her home, on the approach of a noisy, victorious enemy; and received into her arms the child which was born an orphan. Orphanage, my mother, is what a child never outgrows, it is what God himself cannot remedy. The nurse, a slave no longer, since she had flown with the infant to this city, then in the possession of the emancipationists, took the child to herself and nursed it, nursed it as the Virgin Mary must have nursed *her* Heaven-sent babe. Nursed it on her knees, in abnegation, in adoration; lodging it in her room, which became, not a room, but a sanctuary;

couching it in her own bed, which became an altar; feeding it, tending it, as imagination can conceive a passionate heart in a black skin tending a white child under the ghostly supervision of dead parents. When the child grew to intelligence of its surroundings; when memory began, day by day, to weave together frail bits of history; then a fiction arose as if by incantation out of the rude, ignorant, determined mind of the nurse. She placed the child at a school that the child's memory could not antedate. She gave the child a responsible white guardian, which the child's knowledge could not contradict. She took her forever out of the homely surroundings which love had made sumptuous and self-sacrifice holy, but which would prove social ostracism. To maintain this fiction, patience, money, time were needed. Patience? Did a woman ever need patience for a child? Was money ever needing, from an inferior to a superior? Time? The good God gives the same time to the slave as the free, the black as the white, the ignorant as the wise, the weak as the strong. Patience fed the fiction, anticipated doubts, allayed suspicions. Money came in quantities sufficient to form not a shield, but a pedestal; and time took the little girl and led her onward and onward through an education, and through the experience which brings the necessary ingredients to the formation of a woman's heart. Time protected the fiction to the last moment, but the last moment came. The basis of the young girl's life was suddenly withdrawn, and truth came in the fall to the earth. With the truth came, however, the substance of what fiction had supposed. To the nurse came two willing associates. To the young girl, bereaved by the fiction almost as cruelly as she had been by the war, came parents, volunteer parents. Who could refrain from loving her?" He stopped breathless.

"He raves," thought the old lady, "like De Musset!" But she did not answer, perhaps some hitherto unperceived merits in God's creation of men coming before her mental vision. She was only what experience had made her; her theories, like most women's theories, came from the heart, not the brain, and she had no imagination to beautify or make them palatable.

This was in winter. The spring came on, each day an incendiary to the heart, and all hymeneal. No one grows reasonable with the spring. The old lady felt the occult influences against her. The birds, aggressively lusty, the sky bringing the roses out, until the bushes threatened premature decay from wanton prodigality

in blooming, the moon acting like a venal Voudou charm. In a community where none but dowerless brides are born, love easily discounts money. She was left more and more in a helpless minority, fighting hard to main the solidarity of her resolution and fortune; daily reaffirming the one and entrenching the other by testament and codicil, behind a bulwark of papers proof against the assaults of present generations, and unborn ones to the third and fourth degree.

The contract of marriage was to be her substitute when she was gone, a certificate of consent but not approval, a notarial monument to the wealth and generosity of the step-mother, the foolishness of the groom, and to all perpetuity a confession of poverty by the bride. It is hard to be rich and a mother at the same time, but the old lady undertook the task; and while the young people were learning the necessary vocabulary of endearment for future intimacy, she applied herself to drawing with equal security the strings about her heart and the strings about her purse.

June brought the wedding day, for June brings more wedding days than any other month of the year in New Orleans. In the forenoon hours the bridesmaids came with their compliments and presents; all in one body, contagious with emotion; exclamatory, effusive, vibrating from the verge of tears to the verge of laughter.

"Ah, Marie!"

"Ah, *chère!*"

"At last!"

"Your wedding day!"

"You are well, *chérie?*"

"You are not frightened?"

"You do not tremble the least, the least in the world?"

"Let me feel your heart!"

"I would be paralyzed!"

"Such a beautiful day!"

"A little warm!"

"You will not forget us, Marie?"

"You will always be the same to us, Marie?"

"We didn't learn our a, b, c together for nothing, did we, Marie?"

"And we didn't miss our cosmography together for nothing, did we, Marie?"

"Do you remember, Marie? When . . ."

"Or that day . . ."

They were actually beginning to have a past to talk about like their *mamans!*

"*Mon Dieu!* how long ago that is! It seems like another life."

"And Marie the first one married!"

"Well, Marie, I give it to you with all my heart." (Meaning the honor.) And they all kissed her again to affirm the sentiment unanimously.

"And he is so handsome, *chère.*"

"And *distingué.*"

"And such good family."

"Oh, he has everything, everything."

"Was it a Novena, Marie?"

"Or our Lady of Lourdes?"

"St. Roch?"

"St. Roch! bah! he is old."

"*Ma chère*, they tell me there is a place down town, way down town, where you can obtain anything, absolutely anything."

"If it had not been for that pretty toilette at Madame Fleurissant's ball!"

"That was the first time you saw him, *hein*, Marie!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" in chorus at her assent.

"I told *maman* my dress was hideous there."

"I will never get married, I'm sure."

"Nor I either, I never had any luck."

"If I do not get married, I do not want to live."

"Nor I, *chérie*, candidly."

"Not to get married, is to confess one's self simply a—a *Gorgon.*"

"But it's a woman's vocation! What must she do else?"

"My *maman* was married at sixteen."

"And my *grandmaman* at fourteen."

"Ah, but times were different then!"

"Women had more chance."

"And men less egotism."

"Frankly, I find men insipid."

This was too obvious an insincerity to be taken seriously; even the bride laughed.

"But we must not stay all day!"

"Yes, *chérie*, we must leave you."

"*Adieu!*"

"*Au revoir!*"
"*Courage!*"
"We will pray for you!"
They closed the door, and went down the stairs to the corridor.
"But you know, she is a brunette, and he is a *brun*."
"He should have been blond."
"Brown and brown, that is bad."
"Every one ought to marry her opposite."
"I adore blondes; they look so cold."
"No, according to me; dark eyes and light hair."
"Blue eyes and black hair, that is my type."
"And tall, tall, tall."
"Oh, I hope the good God will send me a *fiancé!*"
"*Ouf!* how dark the parlors look!"
"They sign the contract of marriage at three o'clock."
"I hear the old Madame Montyon gives handsomely."
"On the contrary, I heard not a cent."
"But what will Charles do for a living?"
"And she has nothing."
"Not a cent."

Vestiges of winter were still lurking in the damp, stone-paved corridor, chilling them a little before they got into the bright street, where a summer sun shone all the year round. And the chill remained a while in their hearts as they walked away; for beauty and youth were the only dower of most of them, and both were fragile; and one year already had passed over their maturity, and patience is not a creole virtue. Their aspirations were not high nor many, so disappointment need only come in one form to be effectual.

The young girl who was so soon to be a bride sat alone in her room, in the isolation of retreat which custom recognizes as salutary, if not needful. Alone, yet not entirely alone, for she had the spiritual companionship which comes in the solemn moments of life to the pure in heart, and permits them while on earth to feel, if not to see, God. A week ago she had passed her eighteenth birthday. Only eighteen anniversaries since her birth! It was little to form a separation from then and now. Looking back, she saw them rising, an ascending plane of mental and physical growth, until they culminated three months ago. That date had changed her; she was a woman now. Over her face had fallen the dignity which, over faces of her type, falls without crepuscular interlude, severing them from childhood as from

a day that is past. Her dreaming eyes, wakened to look on life itself, not illusions fed by the imagination, were beginning to fill with women's wares, all on top and exposed, as good women's wares are, for the world to see. The inchoate sentiments that held the mouth in vacillation were gone, the lips that had said "I love," had found their character and expression. But the body was still in arrears, still hesitating over the sure profit of a change, receiving from the long, thin, white gown the curves and mouldings it should have contributed.

She walked across the room to where the usual pictures of devotion hung on the walls. They had answered their purpose in her life and were beginning to be useless. Her religion was not to be fed by symbols, but to produce them. But as she looked at them, holding in her hand the little, worn prayer-book that had once belonged to her mother, they helped her to span the interval that separated her from her dead parents, those absent guests represented only by proxies at all the feasts of her life. Her mother had once stood this way in bridal dress, waiting for him who was to become her husband and Marie's father. The virgins and sainted women from across their centuries brought the thought of the immensity of eternity and woman's vocation in it. Her heart throbbed and expanded under her novitiate's dress, she soared higher and higher in thought, she touched immortality in vision. God had carried her, an infant, through bloodshed, revolution, and disaster, and brought a heart for her heart, from the unknown distance, across an ocean! He had deprived her in youth, and hoarded up the privations for a dower of love on her wedding day!

Marcélite entered the room and stood silently waiting, looking, thinking how best to carry out her intentions. "Mam'zelle Marie!" She did not speak as the authoritative nurse to her charge, but as the humble servant of a future madame.

"Oh, Marcélite! the thoughts, the thoughts one has!" It was so good to lay her head once more on the shoulder that had cradled her, a baby! So good to feel that hand caressing her as it had caressed her all through life. For a moment she had felt strange and lonely in the glimpse of a new, foreign life.

"*Bébé! Bébé!*" was all the woman could say. If she had been educated, if she had been white! Her own marriage in the far-off days of slavery, what a thing it had been! Not to be mentioned, not to be thought of before her white child-bride.

"Marcélite, do you think he loves me as much as I love him?" A question of supreme importance requiring a long, rambling, but never-ending answer.

"Because, Marcélite, what do you do in life when the one you love does not love you?"

Although no one in the city, a city of intrigue, knew better than the hair-dresser, she had nothing to say.

"Marcélite, did my *maman* look like me as a bride? And my papa, was he like Charles?"

"*Bébé, Zozo!*" Could human beings ever unite the beauties and excellencies painted by the fluent tongue, or eloquence stray farther beyond the boundaries of truth?

"Their pictures are there on the walls of the house, there on the plantation, their books, their furniture . . ."

Pictures of what had been a pictureless ideal to her; her orphan conception of parents was no better than the blind one's conception of sight.

"One of these days, Marcélite, you and I, we will slip away from home—oh, Charles shall not prevent me! We will travel to that plantation, we will walk through the fields, slowly, easily; we will come to the gardens; we will go through them slowly, easily; you will be my guide; we will creep to the house, we will peep through the shutters and quick! quick! you will point out the place where those pictures are. Heaven! if I do not die in that moment, I will tear open the doors, I will rush in! If there should be dogs about! I hope there will be no dogs . . ."

She stopped suddenly. As if it were true, all this? As if the nurse would not destroy a world to please her, or fabricate one to delude her into security? She knew the woman and the extravagances of her heart. Almost, almost she felt as if she could give up her bridegroom that it might be true, Marcélite's story; her bridegroom, and all the love that dazzled around her future like an aureole.

"But what a toilette! What elegance! I never saw you look so fine in my life before! No, stand still! Let me look at you!" She walked round and round the nurse. In truth calico skirts could not stand out more stiffly, nor a bandanna be tied into more bows and knots. Simply to look at the new silk apron made it rustle.

"What is that you have in your hand? For me?"

"*Bébé*, you will hide it in your drawer. You will not look at it, not yet; to-morrow, next day?"

"*Par exemple*, I am not to look at anything to-day, it seems! Well, you for one! You reckon without my curiosity."

She laughed as she snatched a package out of the nurse's hands. She had never laughed so easily, so merrily in her life. It was like the laugh of her old school companions, and sounded novel and charming in her own ears.

"Fifine, Loulou, Tetelle, all said the same thing. It is too absurd!"

"*Zozo!* To-morrow or next day."

"Bah! I am going to do as I please. I am going to open this. I am going to open them all, right now. You need not think I do not know what it is! It is my present, my wedding present from you. And I have been expecting it all day, and I knew you were going to keep it till the last minute! *Là!* Madame Marcélite always takes her time! Madame Marcélite must always produce her effect! Ah, I know you, you ogre!" And she stopped again to pass her hands affectionately over the nurse's shoulders, which stood out like feather pillows.

"Now we will see what it is? A box, a work-box, a beautiful *nécessaire* . . . Thimble, see! it fits. Needles, scissors, thread. . . . Evidently I am to do my own sewing in future. No more Marcélite to darn, no more Marcélite to mend. And another compartment underneath! A . . . h!"

The little compartment underneath was filled with gold dollars. At first one would have thought it jewelry. The nurse started more violently at the discovery than the young lady.

"It is what I have saved for you, *Bébé!* for your wedding day, ever since you were born, ever since your *maman* gave you to me."

Looking at the face before her, she tested another argument.

"It was your own time, *Bébé;* I belonged to you, you have a right to it. Who made me your slave? God. Who made me free, *hein?*"

The girl looked at the box in her hand, stolidly, mechanically.

It seemed impossible for the quadroon's voice to become more humble, more pleading, but the words that followed proved that it could.

"*Zozo!* You don't mind taking it from me, from your Marcélite, your nurse, your own negro. No one will ever know it! I

swear before God, no one will ever know it! *Bébé*, you must have a little money, just for yourself—when you get married you don't know. You see, *Bébé*, they are strangers, they are not us, they are not Marcélite, they are not you. I could have bought you something, but I wanted you to have some money, some picayunes of your own."

It was hard to understand that the softness of her breath, the strength of her arms, the activity of her feet, the chained freedom of her whole life could be accepted without dishonor, and not the money value in coin; hard for the girl to understand it, too. Her past life of unconscious dependence rose before her, humiliating, degrading her. Tears of mortification came into her eyes; the bright beautiful day was tarnished.

"Only for the first few days, *Bébé;* after that you won't mind taking their money. What use have I got for it? I've got no parents, I've got no children, only you! They mustn't say you came to them without a picayune; with only your clothes in a bundle, like a poor unknown! Who must I give it to, if not to you? To negroes? You think I am going to work for negroes, eh?"

There was something else in marriage than love? There were distinctions. She had no money, that made a difference! She was to take this, acquiesce in what conscience, tradition, forbade, receive money from a negro woman rather than her husband—for the first few days. . . .

Gauging effect on the face of Marie, Marcélite saw that she was misunderstood, felt that she had blundered. She had come to the end of her argument with her cause lost.

"You won't take it! You are going to refuse it! You despise it! I know, I know, it's because I am black, it's because I am a negro!" She closed her eyes over the tears, and her mouth over the sobs that shook inside her huge frame. It had escaped her, the first confession of the galling drop in her heart. Gay, *insouciante*, impudent, she had worn her color like a travesty—who would have suspected her!

"Marcélite! Marcélite! You must not talk that way! See, I take it, I take it thankfully! Have I not taken everything from you? You do me injustice."

But it came too late to appease. The woman shook her head, flinging the tears savagely from her eyes.

"No! No! Throw it away! Pitch it out of the window!

They have money, the Montyons have plenty of money. Everything I do goes wrong; no one helps me. Even God will not help a negro!"

There was a rustling of skirts in the hall outside, a tap at the door.

"Tante Eugénie!" exclaimed the girl joyfully. "She will see it! She will thank you too!" She bounded forward with the open box.

"Let her know you take money from me! *Non! Non!*" In an instant the situation was reversed. With an adroit movement of the hand the quadroon possessed herself of the box and hid it, as Madame Goupilleau entered the room; effacing magically all trace of emotion except in her eyes, in whose depths feeling seemed to surge and roll like the billows of the sea after the storm has passed.

"It is time, *mignonne!* Come! They are going to sign the contract now. Oh, you will understand all about it when you hear it. It is long, and *ma foi!* perfectly incomprehensible. It is in my head in such confusion! Marcélite, my good woman, go down-stairs to the office and ask the young gentlemen who are to serve as witnesses to have the kindness to ascend to the parlor."

Monsieur Goupilleau, the notary, was closeted in his private office with Mr. Morris Frank. They had been together the entire morning in an interview which was the résumé of a month's correspondence and a week's personal intercourse. The notary, glancing at his watch between sentences, saw that economy of words must be practised to conclude within the appointed time; his face was grave at the reflection of his miscalculation; perhaps a day or two more would have saved him the disappointment of his scheme and still rendered feasible his "*coup de théâtre*," as he called it to himself.

The young German's face was grave also, graver than the notary's. It was a summary proceeding, this thrusting not only a plantation in the balance, but, gently as the notary put it, a father's reputation also. If his father had only lived one year longer to answer and act in his own defence! In embarrassment of manner and words the young man had repeated over and over again:

"Monsieur, I assure you, you do not know my father. He never made a mistake in his life."

The notary, whose profession was officially to prevent the depredations of friends and relations upon each other, replied less as a notary than as a Frenchman:

"Monsieur, a father never makes mistakes to a son such as you are."

It was a cruel predicament. The notary held a letter in his hand; continually referring to it with his eyes, he continually forbore reading it aloud.

"To acknowledge what you wish, criminates my father."

"Restitution is all that could vindicate him."

"There must be some law, some . . ."

"She is a young girl, an orphan. You a man, strong . . ."

A desperate last hope, and the swiftly passing time, impelled the notary to seek this adjunct to his legal argument.

"A donation?" the young man asked eagerly.

"No, sir." Monsieur Goupilleau drew himself up haughtily. "Restitution."

Armed with decision Monsieur Goupilleau began to read the letter in his hand, fixing his eyes resolutely on the paper, and throwing his voice into the official tone of indifference to human interests, sentiments, and affections which is the mode of conveyance of notarial communications.

"You ask me . . ."

"You have already consulted a lawyer! I thought it was understood between us . . ."

"I have sought legal advice in a supposititious case, from an unquestioned authority," giving the source. "As you will see, no names have been mentioned." Proceeding with the letter: "You ask me, 'Would it be possible, the owners of a plantation dying, both husband and wife, the first year of the war, and the nurse running away with the only heir, an infant—that the overseer of the plantation could obtain possession of the property and retain it, unmolested, unquestioned, for seventeen years?' I answer, he could, by chicanery and rascality . . ."

"Sir! Sir!" The young man rose excitedly from his seat.

". . . If he knew the child was alive. Suppose at the commencement of the war the owners of the plantation were in debt to the overseer, say for wages, the salary of a year or more. Overseers often preferred letting their salaries accumulate before drawing them. The husband enlists, leaving the plantation in charge of the overseer,

a most natural arrangement. You say he is killed, the wife dies; the nurse disappears with the baby. New Orleans was captured in 1862. A United States District Court was established, having jurisdiction of the captured territory below the mouth of the Red River. Now, the overseer by going down to the city, if the plantation was in this territory—the Parish of St. James, as you are aware, Monsieur Frank, is within it—by going down to the city and giving information that the owner of the plantation was a rebel, an officer in the army; concealing the fact that he was dead . . ."

"Monsieur, I cannot! I refuse to listen!" Morris Frank's face was red with anger, his eyes moist with feeling.

The notary continued, slightly hurrying his words: "Could have the property seized, condemned as the property of a rebel, purchase it himself at the confiscation sale, paying a nominal price, say five thousand dollars, for it, which five thousand he would not pay in cash, but claim as a privileged debt the amount actually due, and make up the balance of the price by charges for overseeing, up to the date of proceedings. He could thus hold the plantation under an apparently legal title. No one but a child could contest."

"And the young lady?"

The notary's time was up. He was overdue up-stairs with the contract.

"That point, I thought, was settled yesterday," said he curtly. "Now, I must bid you good-day." He paused at the door; another thought came into his brain. For an instant he was embarrassed, undecided, then, dismissing his official character and simply as an old gentleman with infinite worldly knowledge and infinite human sympathy, he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder: "My friend, reflect for an instant what the condition of the South would be at this moment were such titles as yours to property good; and," his voice sinking with feeling, "thank God that by the Constitution of the United States, no attainder of treason can work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted. Children *here* are not punishable for the offence of an ancestor," at a bitter recollection of his own family history; "and," with a pressure of the sensitive fingers, "my boy, remember restitution involves no confession. Fathers are but human beings like ourselves; when they die, the best thing we can do is to act for them as we wish they might have acted."

Mr. Frank also left the private office, but he halted in the next room, sat down at a desk, and pondered.

"Sir, I assure you, you do not know my father. He never made a mistake in his life. He was a man of unquestioned integrity." He repeated the words over and over again, as if the notary still could hear them.

Reared in the strictest of ecclesiastical colleges, where credulity had been assiduously fostered and simplicity preserved, his youth was passed in a calm world of perfect submission and perfect trust. In his uncritical mind the visible and invisible world rested on one vast quiescent pillow of faith. His father, his mother, his plantation; as well question the saints, miracles, heaven!

The clerks from their desks looked furtively at him as he buried his face in his hands, the face of a man in helpless anxiety of mind. He had come to the city only three months ago in a vague search for some unknown pleasure which his swelling manhood craved. A pleasure not to be found on the plantation, in the green fields under the blue sky, not in the morning *reveillé* to duty, nor in the tired languor of the welcome curfew. Pleasure, which parsimony had banished from his parents' lives, had descended to him intact, principal and interest, with the inheritance to buy it; a heritage to spend and a heritage to gratify. The beautiful young girls at that Fleurissant ball! His life had never contained a ball nor a young girl before. Oh, the plainest one there would have been a queen in his home! a *houri* in his heart! His home! Which home? The little white-washed cabin near the sugar-house, where the sows littered under the gallery and the mules galloped by on their way to the stables? The home of his birth, the despised overseer's house exhaling menace, inhaling hatred; or the other home, the home to which he returned from college, the master's residence, the beautiful home which his father had bought for him, with pictures and books, glass and silver, carved furniture and silken hangings? "By chicanery and rascality!"

He had lived in the house, slept in the beds, studied the books. And the pictures—ah, nature had given him such sordid, homely parents! He had idolized these pictured ladies and gentlemen. In adoration he had tried to fit himself, not for heaven, but for them. He had tilled the fields as their successor, maintained the manor as their heir. "I assure you, there must be some mistake, my father was a man of integrity." If he had not integrity,

what had he? Could he, the son, have lived in that house else? And his father and mother both slept in the cemetery of these people, these Mottes!

Ideals of marriage had come to him during the long evenings in the quiet house. In fancy he had often led a bride across the threshold of it, a black-eyed, black-haired bride, like the black-eyed, black-haired women in the pictures; and imagination had gone still further beyond, into those far-off dreams that lure the lonely into domesticity. The tears wet his fingers at the recollection of them. Could his father have known of the existence of the child? That was all the question now. The plantation and all the money in bank were a cheap price to pay for the redeeming answer.

Searching wearedly among the commonplace incidents of his child-life for some saving memory which would give testimony in favor of the dead as one turns and overturns domestic articles in search of a lost jewel, the figure of a quadroon woman came suddenly to remembrance, clear and distinct; as clearly and distinctly as her voice now sounded in the door-way.

"Monsieur requests the presence of the gentlemen who are to act as witnesses."

Two of the young clerks, in gala dress, who had been scratching their pens sedulously in feigned indifference to the honor, rose with alacrity.

This was the woman who had run away with the child! Morris Frank arrested her, seized her by the wrist, and drew her in through the door of the back office. With an old instinct of fear she resisted and struggled. His father, the overseer, had not handled her color too softly.

"For God's sake let me go! What do you want? I haven't done anything!" she cried.

"Tell me, tell me the truth, about that child! about that baby!"

He questioned, he cross-questioned, he twisted and turned her answers.

"As there is a God in heaven, it's the truth! As the blessed Virgin hears me, it's the truth! Ask Monsieur Goupilleau, ask the priest, ask old Uncle Ursin on the plantation, they all know it! Mr. Frank, Mr. Morris, you are not going to harm her! I kept it from you, I would have died before you found it out from me! She doesn't know it! No one knows it!"

The same old terror of causeless violence that had made her a fugitive eighteen years ago possessed her again, sweeping away reason and presence of mind, making her dread, with barbarous anticipations of ferocity which had survived civilization in her, as immanent to the child the tragic fate of the parents.

"You swear it is the truth?"

"On the cross, on the blessed Virgin, on the Saviour. . . ." All that was sacred in her religion, all that was terrific in her superstition, she invocated with unhesitating tongue to attest a veracity impugned with her race by custom and tradition.

It is not pleasant reading, a marriage contract. Stipulations in one clause, counter-stipulations in another; so much money here, so much money there, distrust of the contracting parties, distrust of the relatives, distrust of the unsophisticated goodness of God himself, who had trammels of every notarial variety thrown across any future development of trust and confidence. There were provisions against fraud, deception, indebtedness; provisions against change, indifference, enmity, death, remarriage, against improper alliances of unborn daughters, against dissipation and extravagance of unborn sons; provisions for everything but the continuance of the love which had waxed and grown to the inevitable conclusion of marriage.

It was a triumph of astuteness on the part of old Madame Montyon. She sat on the sofa nodding her head and her purple-flowered bonnet, at each clause repeating the words after Monsieur Goupilleau with great satisfaction.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" Mademoiselle Angely sighed at the end of it, not knowing anything more appropriate to do or to say.

"Those marriage contracts! they are all against the women, the poor women. That is the way with Eugénie there. Old Lareveillère made a marriage contract against her; she had nothing, and all her life there he has held her." Tante Pauline pressed her right thumb expressively against the palm of her left hand.

"At the last moment I thought," said Madame Montyon to herself, "that Goupilleau would have given her something, but that was not like a notary, nor a Goupilleau."

"If I had succeeded in my plans," thought Monsieur Goupilleau, "the favor would have been all the other way."

"*Pauvre petite chatte*," thought his wife, as a last resource of consolation, "at least her children will be secure."

"We will now sign it," said the notary.

"But I must go for the bride," prompted his wife.

They seemed to have forgotten her completely in their excitement over the settlement of so much property and money; both her and the young man who stood unheeded, unconsulted, in the corner of the room; his own insignificant personal capital of youth, hope, strength, love, honor, ambition, unmentioned in the elaborate catalogue prepared by the step-mother. It was all valueless as an endowment. Like an automaton he had been provided for and given over to his childish foible for a wife.

The noise of the street invaded the parlors, but genteelly and discreetly sifted of impurity by the fine lace curtains at the end windows of the long, narrow room. The half-closed shutters gave oblique views of the gallery, with its iron balustrade and canopy, and rows of plants thriving luxuriously, with only contracted pots for root, but the whole blue heavens for foliage. There reigned the gentle obscurity which the people of the climate affect, an obscurity which flatters rather than conceals the physiognomy, and tones the voices in soft creole modulations. The green-glazed marine monsters of a tall Palissy vase collected the few entering rays of light, and rose, a beacon, over an invisible centre-table, which carried an indistinct collection of velvet-cased miniatures, ivory carvings, Bohemian glasses, and other small objects which in Monsieur Goupilleau's days of extravagance gratified the taste for bric-à-brac.

There was a lull in the conversation. The occupants of the chairs and sofas devoted themselves to their fans and handkerchiefs, or put on eye-glasses to solve the enigmatical pictures hanging in oblivion, within gilt frames, on the walls. The moments of Madame Goupilleau's absence passed slow, dry, and detached. What was said was hurried, indifferent, in an undertone, mere packing-paper to fill up space, each volunteer fearing to be caught with a truncated word or an unfinished smile on the lips, and the women, of course, alone risking it.

"Eugénie's rooms are really beautiful!"

"Can you see what that is in the corner?"

"An *étagère*."

"Ah!"

"Who is that old skeleton?"

"Armand Goupilleau's confidential clerk!"

"Ah!"

"He will have to read the contract all over again!"

"Of course; the bride did not hear it!"

"I give them six months after the old lady's death to break it!"

"H'sh! she'll hear you, Pauline!"

"*Tant pis!*"

"Here they are!"

"H'sh! they are going to begin!"

"*Mon Dieu.* What a glare!"

"It is barbarous!"

Monsieur Goupilleau's confidential clerk was to repeat the deed, an old man with sight almost beyond recall of double glasses. He stood as close as possible to the coveted daylight of the outside world, against the window, holding the paper as close to his eyes as his long thin nose would permit; it was still too far off for smooth reading. Profiting by the confusion succeeding the entrance, he slyly laid his hand on the shutters to widen the crack of light by the merest trifle; at a touch they all fell open from top to bottom, letting the sun in like a flash of lightning, striking every one with sudden distinctness, brightening the written page into delicious legibility. Before a countermanding order could be issued, before the bride could be seated, he commenced the lecture, overriding the protests of the ladies with his unhuman mechanical voice, cracked by use, ignoring the opened fans used as screens against his end of the room.

The young girl stood where she was. The sun falling across her head increased the fairness of her face and the blackness of her hair. She held her hands clasped before her, and seemed with eyes as well as ears listening to the terms on which she was to be admitted to the profession of her love. In the last hours of her innocent, unconscious girlhood she was pathetic, pitiful to the women. The men, at sight of her, felt a stirring in their hearts; and conscience or the eyes of the married women resurrected a primitive, latent, effete distrust of themselves, a remorseful sense of unworthiness as conceded possessors of the other sex.

After the reading had ended, Marie Modeste still listened and thought, trying to make her head speak as distinctly as her heart had done.

"You will have the kindness to sign your name here, mademoi-

selle," said the old clerk, delighted with his evolution and the fluency of his rendition of the contract.

The young men from the office pressed forward alertly under fear of the awful possibility of being overlooked. The ladies and gentlemen rose from their seats, and all advanced toward the centre-table, where a space was being cleared for the signing.

The young girl took the pen, which had been dipped in ink, and waited for the papers to be straightened out and pressed flat.

"Here, on this line, mademoiselle." She placed her hand where he pointed, and bent over.

"No! no!" she cried, straightening herself, holding the document in her hand. Her face became red as she heard her weak, thin voice trying to raise and steady itself to audibility in the room full of strange faces.

"No! no! I cannot sign it! I will not sign it! I do not wish it! I refuse! I give nothing, I will take nothing! Nothing!"

She forced her lips, trembling convulsively, to utter what her voice was resolutely proclaiming in her breast.

"I give nothing but love! I want nothing but love," and the elaborate act, the notarial work of a week, fell in long thin strips to the floor.

There was a sudden decline in the value of bonds and stocks and landed investments. Madame Montyon's hillock of gold disappeared for once from before her eyes, leaving them staring at blank poverty.

"*Tu Dieu! Tu Dieu!*" she swore, in her unwhisperable voice.

"The marriage broken! Ah, I knew it!" exclaimed Tante Pauline.

"Eugénie! Eugénie!" Mademoiselle Aurore Angely pulled Madame Goupilleau's gown. "But look at them! Stop them! It is not proper! It is not *convenable!*"

It was against all etiquette, which had held him in strict quarantine for twenty-four hours; but the young groom broke from his corner and his passiveness as unrestrained as if the wedding were past and not to come, and his bride received him as if she had all the money in the world and he not a cent, and their embrace made all hearts and lips envious.

Mademoiselle Angely would have had to acknowledge at the confessional that it was not so much because it was shocking as because it was a sin, that she felt forced to turn her back on them.

The officious young witnesses sprang to the floor to gather up the fragments of the contract.

The confidential clerk, as deaf as he was blind, and equally conscientious, after showing the place on the document and giving the pen, was intent only upon closing the shutters as he had found them, and as slyly. The room passed again, without warning, into darkness, granting, until the eyes accommodated themselves to it, momentary shelter to the lovers and relief to the spectators.

"Ah! she's a fool all the same," Tante Pauline found time to say.

"Come!" said Morris Frank, "take me up there! Instantly!"

Grasping the quadroon by the wrist, he followed up the stairs, through the hall, into a dark room, separated by a *portière* from the parlor. Pushing aside the faded red and yellow damask, he stood, hearing, seeing all. The flesh and blood, the face, of his pictured hosts in the old plantation home! What did she need more than love for a dower? What other capital did he need more than the strength of the arms that clasped her? They would despise him, insult him, condemn his father, vilify his memory. The usurper of a home!

"Speak, speak, for God's sake, speak!" whispered Marcélite at his side. She was afraid he would change his mind.

He had dreamed and basked under the eyes of her kindred, while she had been the *protegée* of a negro woman! Oh, the years beyond recall!

Would they dig up his father and mother and cast them out of the pilfered grave?

Her father and mother, where were they buried? What would he do with himself without a home, without a plantation, without a profession, without, yes, without a reputation?

"Speak! Speak!" muttered Marcélite.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" No, they had nothing to do with it. "Mademoiselle!" He crossed the room, pushing aside those in his way; if they had been alone he would have knelt to her.

"Mademoiselle! It is all there waiting for you, ready for you; your plantation, your servants, your home, the pictures, the books, the silver; there, just as your father left them to go to war, just as your mother left them to fly to her death. Let me make restitution, let me make atonement; but oh! let me implore for the dead! . . .

My father!" He looked so tall in the midst of them; in his emotion, his stiff, awkward language, so boyish! His ingenuous eyes were fixed on her face in simple, earnest, humble devotion, as many an evening he had fixed them on the portraits at home.

With swift, sure impulse the quadroon woman put herself before him, took the words from his mouth, crazy as she was at the moment.

"It was my fault, monsieur!" to Monsieur Goupilleau. "He did not know it! His father did not know it! I swear that old Monsieur Frank did not know it! I sent word myself that the baby was dead. Old Uncle Ursin knows it's the truth; ask him. Monsieur Frank sent him to me. I made him lie. My God! I didn't know any better. I thought the Yankees would kill her too!"

Was it truth, or falsehood? There was no one to certify or convict. Old Uncle Ursin? He had been found dead in his bed before Morris Frank left the plantation.

"It is all there, and in bank." The bank-book was in his pocket; he got it, handed it to Monsieur Goupilleau. "You will find the amount. . . ."

He mentioned it quite simply and naturally, the amount which year after year had been growing in the bank, the result of many a day's hard work; the savings from a life's self-denial and parsimony. It was a fortune to astonish the little room, to strike even the women dumb. He thanked Heaven as he mentioned it, the spendings had been trivial.

"I never suspected it, I grew up unconscious of it. The woman, Marcélite, saw me at the ball, she told Monsieur Goupilleau. Mademoiselle, your marriage contract would have been different if, if I . . ."

But Monsieur Goupilleau would not allow any more explanations. It was a *coup de théâtre* after his own heart, voluntary restitution, no lawsuit, no revelations. He could not improve it with any additions, any commendations of his own, for his voice in the general hubbub deserted him, his eyes blinded his spectacles, and, Frenchman as he was, if he could have been granted a son then and there, it would have been the young German, the overseer's boy, he would have chosen—as he told him over and over again.

"It is she who is too good for him now," whispered Tante Pauline to Mademoiselle Aurore.

"*Hein!* She is a *partie* after all!" Madame Montyon felt elated,

for she flattered herself that her determination had forced the hand of Providence. "I am going to have an angel for a daughter-in-law."

"Félix! Félix!" Mademoiselle Aurore clasped her hands. "What can you say now against the good God? That superb plantation in St. James!" For the plantation was known all up and down the coast, and the fame of the Frank management was a State affair.

"*Bébé! Zozo!* Mam'zelle Marie! To go back! To see it all! The pictures! The books! The furniture! You didn't believe me! You thought I was lying. . . ."

"That quadroon will raise the roof off the house," said Tante Pauline; "when they commence there is no stopping them."

"Monsieur Morris," Marcélite threw herself before him. "Let me work for you, let me be your slave. . . ."

"*Mignonne! Mignonne!*" expostulated Madame Goupilleau. "You must not cry so, even for happiness! It is true, my child, it is all true! Do you not hear Charles, Armand, all of them? *Enfin*, Marcélite, control yourself! You are exciting the child with your screaming. *Non, monsieur*," to Charles; "to-day she is still mine, to-morrow I will not dispute her with you. Armand!" to her husband, "send them all away, get rid of them. My friend, we must have some repose before the ceremony."

"Well, Goupilleau," said the old lady, "we are to have all our trouble over again!"

"Of course, madame! Of course! The young lady's interests must now be protected." He stumbled against Marcélite. "*Hé!* My good woman! My *good* woman!" He raised her from the floor and held both her hands. "He could not have done it better himself, your Monsieur Motte!"

GRACE KING.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY.*

We were glad when we heard of a journal of psychology being about to be issued in America ; but the first number of the new periodical is a disappointment.

Psychology is the science of the *psyche* or soul. This may be studied in two ways. We have a direct means of knowing the soul. We know it by the inner sense ; that is, by self-consciousness, just as we know matter by the external senses. It is thus we know our perceptions, our recollections, our imaginings, our decisions, our discernment of the distinction between good and evil, our qualms of conscience, our affections, our joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, purposes and volitions. These are among the principal qualities of the *psyche.* They cannot be seen by the microscope, or measured with the tape, and yet they can be carefully observed. They can be classified. Distinctions can be drawn between them—say between the understanding and the feelings. Their sphere and mode of action, in short, their laws, can be, indeed have been, approximately determined. When this is done we have a science of psychology, which has existed since the days of Aristotle. This science has been taught in nearly all our American colleges, greatly to the benefit of our young men, who have thereby learned to know themselves, and to rise upward to a knowledge of Deity and of duty. This has saved America from materialism, with its debasing tendencies.

The *psyche* may be studied in another way, in its environment, on which it is largely dependent, especially by observing and experimenting on the brain and nerves. It is an advantage of this method that instruments can be employed and numerical results reached. It has nearly reached the rank of a science ; it certainly proceeds scientifically. It is called physiological psychology, some of its followers giving the larger place to the physiology, and others to the psychology. It has discovered a number of curious and a few important truths, and promises to find more. There have been more or less of such investigations in all the leading treatises on psychology, as, for instance, in those of Aristotle, of Reid, and of Hamilton. But of late years a more systematic attempt has been made, with con-

* *The American Journal of Psychology*, edited by G. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in the Johns Hopkins University. Vol. I., No. 1. Baltimore, November, 1887 : N. Murray.

siderable success, to construct a science of the physics of psychology. Now we hold, and are able to prove, that these two should not be divorced, but kept in happy marriage-union. Light may be thrown on the workings of the soul, on the emotions, for instance, by the study of the producing or concurrent bodily affections. But the study of the body, of the brain and nerves, can never reach the self-conscious mind, with its tender or torturing feelings, its ideas of good and evil, and its free will. On the contrary, if pursued in an exclusive spirit, it may carry us away from such knowledge, and produce a materialistic spirit, by calling attention to, and dwelling upon, mere bodily accessories.

Now, this is the objection to this new American journal. It can see nothing outside of its own chosen field of research. Its tendencies are most clearly revealed in a depreciatory review of Doctor McCosh's *Psychology: the Cognitive Powers*, a work extensively used as a text-book in this and foreign countries, but which the new organ would set aside in favor of works in which there is some good physiology but very little true psychology. The article opens with some compliments to Doctor McCosh by a professedly friendly critic; but they are not calculated to raise him or his works in the estimation of the readers of the *Journal*. They are merely introductory to certain criticisms which it is not difficult to meet.

1. "Judged from a scientific stand-point, little that is good can be said of the book." By scientific stand-point, the review means simply physiological stand-point; in his narrowness of vision he can see no other; being one-eyed, he cannot see both sides of the truth. He would not allow it to be science, when Aristotle gives us the laws of association, points out the difference between memory and reminiscence, and announces the laws of reasoning; or when Doctor McCosh explains the nature of the mental image or phantasm, shows what influence the law of mental energy has on our associations, gives a good classification of the relations which the mind can discover, makes an analysis of the emotions, unfolds the laws of conscience, and points out important distinctions in the exercises of the will. All this is not science. In the leading article of the number on "The Normal Knee-Jerk," consisting of forty-seven pages, it is shown that the knee-jerk is modified before breakfast and after breakfast, before dinner and after dinner; and this is called science. We admit it, but term it physiological, not psychological science; while the *Journal* would not admit that Bishop Butler is scientific when he shows that conscience claims a supremacy over the affections and the passions.

2. Doctor McCosh is charged with inconsistency in standing up for the psychology of consciousness, and yet introducing a considerable body of facts bearing on the influence of body on mind. Doctor McCosh, in fact, claims that the soul must be studied mainly by self-consciousness, but delights to say that this may be greatly aided by the study of our nervous organism, and adduces as many facts on this subject as can well be pressed into a text-book on psychology.

3. It is charged that Doctor McCosh has failed "to profit from both Greek and German philosophy." Over against this may be set the statement in a favorable review of Doctor McCosh's *Psychology* in *Mind*, October, 1887: "Throughout Doctor McCosh seeks an Aristotelian basis for his psychological position." We are disposed to think that Mr. Croom Robertson, the editor of *Mind*, has as large an acquaintance with Greek philosophy as the critic of the new *American Journal*. All Doctor McCosh's pupils know how enthusiastically he expounds Plato in his college classes, and the readers of his works are aware how often he appeals to the grand ideas of Plato. We will rejoice to find the *Journal* making a better use of the Greek philosophy. From the Stoic philosophy Doctor McCosh has taken some important views as to the place which the "idea" has in emotion, and the difference between the phantasm and the concept.

4. The critic, referring to Kant, speaks of him as an author whom Doctor McCosh "cannot abide." Now, Doctor McCosh has declared of Kant (*Realistic Philosophy*, vol. ii., p. 195): "I place him on the same high level with Plato and Aristotle in ancient times, and as Bacon and Descartes, Locke and Leibnitz, Reid and Hamilton, in modern times," and goes on specifying his excellencies for two pages. In particular he everywhere commends Kant's à priori principles and his ethical theory. It is to be hoped that the new *Journal* will make a like use of Kant. As to Hegel, Doctor McCosh probably understands him quite as well as his critics. Hegel is good or evil, according as he is used; good, if his higher philosophy is taken; a *mess of pottage*, as the poet Heine expresses it, if his pantheism is carried out to its consequences. It is well known that one of the purposes of Doctor McCosh's teaching is to counteract some of the principles of Kant and the German philosophy; especially in opposition to its critical method, when it maintains that the mind begins with phenomena (appearances) instead of things, and makes our knowledge consist of forms added to things by the mind. His objections have not been answered; perhaps the *Journal* may furnish the answer.

5. Doctor McCosh is represented as adding little to philosophy, beyond what the Scottish philosophy has done. The writer who makes the charge does not seem to be able to enumerate the Scottish metaphysicians in chronological order; he places Stewart and Brown before A. Smith, and misspells Mackintosh's name. Doctor McCosh differs from the Scottish school in many points, and in particular he blames them for not being thorough realists, inasmuch as they make us look at the qualities and relations of things instead of at things themselves. Surely the critic knows that Doctor McCosh professes to set up a realistic philosophy, and to call it an American philosophy. But this may possibly be a piece of presumption!

6. The critic maintains that Doctor McCosh "has not taken advantage of his great and long opportunities" to promote the real interests of religion. In consistency the *Journal* ought to show that this new psychology of nerves and brains will serve religion better than the ideas of the true, the

beautiful, the good, and the infinite, which Doctor McCosh has found in the soul, and been bringing before our young men, with the view of refining and elevating them.

The critic treats Professor Bowne's *Introduction to Psychological Theory* very much as he does Doctor McCosh's work. He comments favorably on Professor Ladd's very excellent work, *Elements of Physiological Psychology*, but takes care to find fault with one of its highest excellencies, the author's belief in and defence of "the reality of the thinking ego," and of the importance of self-consciousness. This indicates more than is expressed.

Why should there be strife between a psychology of self-consciousness and a psychology of the nervous organism, if both correctly state the facts? If an attempt is made to cast out the philosophy of consciousness from our colleges and to substitute a mere philosophy of the senses, a combined effort must be made to resist it as tending to lower American ideas, beliefs, and character.

BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS.

THE dullest man can be entertaining when he talks shop, and the profit which the younger Pliny found even in bad books generally, is sure to exist somewhere in the dullest and poorest of books about books. Mr. Lang cannot be dull if he tries; and, as a bookman who knows books thoroughly, his *Books and Bookmen* will appeal to all book-lovers; particularly in the pathetic prefatory note in which he pretends that it is the swan-song of a book-hunter who can hunt books no more. Mr. Lang finds, as so many of his fellow-sportsmen have found, that the game has grown scarce. The preserves are for the rich, the open country containing nothing but tough old birds of no value, or tame young fowl, which any poulterer will freely supply for twenty per cent. off. It is all very well, however, for the man who is on terms of one-sided epistolary intimacy with the defunct book-makers of half an hundred generations, to talk about playing the swan, and dying in music, without old books. He will find himself in a very Wrong Paradise indeed if it contain no book-stalls, luring him with cheap Elzevirs; if he can no longer talk, and think, and buy morocco, or tooling, or margins, or first editions, or prints in their earliest state. The book-hunter dies, he never retires voluntarily from the chase. A "black-letter" man, or a "tall-copyist," or an "uncut" man, or a "rough-edge" man, or an "Early-English dramatist," or an "Elzevirian," or a "broadsider," or a "pasquinader," or an "old-brown-calf man," or a "Grangerite," or a "tawny-moroccoïte," or a "gilt-topper," or a "marble-insider," or an "*editio princeps* man," as Mr. John Hill Burton has classified them, is never thoroughly cured, either by low purses or high prices; and under no circumstances will he light his cigarette with a catalogue, as Mr. Lang claims to have done. The bibliophile who could say that could say anything, as Mr. Lang himself, in *The*

Library, asserts of Charles Lamb's pretence that he cared nothing for a first folio of Shakespeare!

Granting, therefore, that Mr. Lang's apostasy is one of his own Myths, and that he is as reliable and as enthusiastic in his *Books and Bookmen* to-day as he was in his *Library* five or six years ago, his later volume stands as the most noteworthy of books about books of the last few years. He dwells still upon the fact, so apt to be ignored by his contemporary bibliophiles, because of their lack of knowledge, that the love of books for their own sake—for their paper, print, binding—and for their associations, as distinct from the love of literature, is a stronger and more universal passion in France than elsewhere in Europe; and he makes the delicate but shrewd distinction, that in England publishers are men of business, while in France they aspire to be artists. The English people borrow what they read from the public and private libraries, and take whatever gaudy binding chance chooses to send them; the French people buy books, and bind them according to their heart's desire, with quaint and dainty devices on their morocco covers. Books are life-long friends in France; in England they are the guests of a week or a fortnight; and, if he had known this country better, he might have added that in America they are the paper-covered fellow-lodgers with whom we have but a bowing acquaintance, and whom we never care to meet again after they have left the boarding-house table.

Mr. Lang refers to a library of books about books in French; the *Bibliophile Français*, in seven large volumes; *Les Sonnets d'un Bibliophile; La Bibliomanie en* 1878; *Un Bouquiniste Parisien*, and almost a score of other works by such men as Janin, Nodier, Didot, Pieters, and Bennet—great collectors who have written for the edification and instruction of beginners, and the pleasure of every one who takes delight in printed paper. Nevertheless, since the time when Mr. Lang said in *The Library* that twenty books about books have been written in Paris for one published in England, this particular form of literature has become much more common in the mother-country, if not in our own. *The Bookhunter* of John Hill Burton has seen two new editions. Mr. J. Rogers Rees has published his *Pleasures of a Bookworm*, and his *Diversions of a Bookworm*. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has given to the world his *Book Fancier*. Mr. Henry Stevens has written the pamphlet, *Who Spoils Our New English Books?* and his *Recollections of James Lenox*, the latter a book not so much about books generally, as about the marvellous collection of books made by one man. Mr. Brander Matthews has written his *Home Library*, has edited his *Ballads of Books*, and has taken in Mr. Lang's own essays, finding for them that shelter over sea which book-lovers on our side of the Atlantic were so ready and so eager to grant them.

Taking for the text of his chapter on "Book-binding" the words of an unknown writer in one of Mr. Quaritch's catalogues, that books cannot live long without binding, and that it is a wise mania which impels book-lovers to deck their treasures in a costume so appropriate and so good that even

ignorance will be inclined to save the author for the sake of his robe, Mr. Lang regrets the lack of a really satisfactory history of the art of binding books ; and discourses most eloquently upon Grolier and the other immortals among the bibliopegists. Mr. Quaritch's own description of his Grolier's copy of the *Adversus Gentes*, 1465, the first dated book printed in Italy, will show the value the enthusiast puts upon the proper covering of his friends. It is bound in orange morocco, "with grand geometrical designs of interlacements tooled in broad compartments of silver, with elegant subsidiary ornaments of mosaic characters, in green, red, and gold." The fact that an Italian marquis of the seventeenth century profaned the back of this binding with his own coronet and monogram, Mr. Quaritch naturally deplores ; but he is able to add that no worm and no marquis have "invaded the beauty of the rich decorations of its sides." Mr. Blades, in his next edition, will perhaps add marquises to worms and other destructionists among *The Enemies of Books*. Dibdin devotes at least one-third of his *Biographical Decameron* to binding and binders ; and the parts the art and its representatives play in the history of books will surprise all readers who are not book-lovers or book-hunters in the proper sense of the words. The great attention given to binding in France, the comparative indifference to binding in England, and the general contempt for binding in America, serve to emphasize the distinction between the three nationalities, as bookmen, which has been noted above. The French clothe their books sumptuously, because they are their friends ; the English clothe their books in homespun, because they are simply their guests ; we, as a melancholy rule, do not clothe our books at all, because they are only transients, for whom damp sheets, and no coverlets whatever, are considered good enough.

The folio *Beaumont and Fletcher* which Charles Lamb dragged home to Islington one Saturday night, from Barker's, in Covent Garden, wishing it were ten times as cumbersome, makes its appearance on some page of every book about books written since Bridget Elia discoursed so eloquently concerning it, so many years ago ; and Mr. Rees could no more have avoided the mention of it, than Mr. Dick could have kept Charles the First out of the famous Memorial. But Mr. Rees goes farther than most bibliophiles on this subject, and traces the historical folio, which cost the Lambs the mighty sum of fifteen—or was it sixteen ?—shillings, until it finds its proper resting-place in that Westminster Abbey of precious books, the Poet's Corner of the British Museum. It was "picked up" by Colonel Cunningham, accidentally, for a few shillings more than Lamb paid for it ; and at the sale of that scholar's books it went to the Museum authorities for £25.

Mr. Rees wrote his *Pleasures of a Bookworm* and his *Diversions of a Bookworm* because he could not help it, from the very love of books *as* books, and the very love of the bookmen whom his books bring so near to him ; and his quaintly affectionate remarks and reflections upon books and their writers are very delightful, as well as instructive. He gossips about the curiosities of books, the romance and reality of dedications, the

loved books of some other folk, the companions of the bookworm, the personality of books, and a variety of kindred subjects, in a way that never tires the book-lover, and will even excite a spirit of bibliomania in the minds of men who love not, and who know not, books ; men who cannot yet understand that tender, almost human, attachment for books which prompted Southey in his last hours to walk about his library, as Wordsworth saw him, "patting with both his hands his books affectionately, like a child." Douglas Jerrold had an almost reverential fondness for books—books themselves—and could not bear to treat them, or to see them treated, with disrespect. It gave him actual pain to find them turned on their faces, stretched open, dog's-eared, flung carelessly down, or in any way misused. And Mr. Rees and Mr. Lang and their fellow-missionaries in preaching this doctrine of respect for books—that respect without which true affection for books, or for anything else, animate or inanimate, cannot exist—are doing a noble work in a heathen community, for which all men who love their "fellow-books" will heartily thank them. Mr. Rees's love for books is not a love for printed paper and proper binding simply, so much as a love for books having some special associations with their authors or their former owners, and for books into which their authors have put so much of themselves that they make him love both them and their books. He belongs to the guild of bibliophiles who would rather own the copy of *Queen Mab* in which Shelley wrote, "You see, Mary, I have not forgotten you," or the copy of Chapman's *Homer* which Leigh Hunt once saw Lamb kiss, than a *Mazarine Bible*, worth from three thousand dollars to three thousand pounds.

In Mr. Stevens's delightful book there is, perhaps unconsciously to its author, much more of his own personality than of his subject. Mr. Stevens was a keen huntsman, killing for the sake of killing, yet loving his game as much as if the brush he captured was to hang in his own gun-room instead of his master's baronial hall. After scouring through New England and the Middle States for old papers, sallow pamphlets, and musty books, he went to England in 1845, a young man, on an antiquarian and historical book-hunting expedition which lasted upward of forty years, and ended only with his life. During nearly all of this period he supplied Mr. Lenox with those invaluable books which form the great bulk of the present Lenox Library, bequeathed by its founder to the public of New York. No man in Mr. Stevens's day had a more thorough or profound knowledge of books, and in this present volume—itself a model in paper, print, and general style—he discourses most learnedly and entertainingly about the famous works in manuscript and print which have passed through his hands : *The Bay State Psalm Book*, *The "Wicked" Bible*, *The Drake Map*, *The Columbus Letters*, and *Washington's Farewell Address*. His affection for every-day books he has shown in the beautiful little volume published by his son in 1884, in which he asks and answers the question, *Who Spoils Our New English Books?* laying the blame impartially upon authors, publishers, printers, paper-makers, ink-makers, binders, and, last but not least, consumers, whom he considers, by their

ignorance and carelessness of the beauty and proportions of their books, the greatest sinners of all.

The latest contributions to "The Book-Lover's Library," edited by Henry B. Wheatley, are *The Dedications of Books*, by Mr. Wheatley himself, and *The Story of Some Famous Books*, by Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of *Salad for the Solitary* and *Salad for the Social*, two works which met with extraordinary success when they were first published some thirty years ago; Washington Irving calling the former a "Salad" peculiarly suited to his own taste, and one which he had relished with somewhat of the curious palate of a literary epicure. Mr. Saunders, in more ways than one, is a man of books. He began life in New York as a publisher of books as long ago as 1836; he was placed in charge of the books in the Astor Library, New York, as assistant librarian in 1859, and he is still connected with that institution; his name appears upon the title pages of many books, and now at a ripe old age, and in a most amusing and instructive way, he gives the history of the conception and execution of some of the masterpieces of English prose and verse, from *The Canterbury Tales*, suggested, perhaps, by Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and based, perhaps, upon the method and plans of *The Decameron* of Boccaccio, down to *The Song of a Shirt*, written in a single night and rejected by three or four London journals before it was published in *Punch*, to "run like wild-fire and to ring like a tocsin through the land." Mr. Saunders has a congenial theme, which he has handled well. No book-lover's library is complete without his *Story of Some Famous Books*.

Surely, with Mr. Lang, Mr. Rees, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Fitzgerald to teach the value of books, and Mr. Matthews's galaxy of poets to sing their praises, never before have books had so appreciative a literature, or a literature so emphatically their own. Of *The Book Fancier* there is but little space left to speak here. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is an industrious and indefatigable compiler, who has done in this volume and in other books on other subjects most laborious and, at the same time, most entertaining work. He writes about books not as his fellow-historians have written, simply from the love of books themselves, and because he cannot help it, but, being possessed of the keen instinct of a journalist, he has seized the subject which he feels is of great general interest at present, and turns to the history and genealogy and romance of books, as he wrote in other seasons about the *Suez Canal* or the *Romance of the Stage*. He is familiar with the literature of books, from Dibdin and Burton down; he has gone to later, and further, and even out-of-the-way authorities; and the result is a most interesting collection of facts and fancies about books of all sorts, which is more valuable, however, as a means of education to those who want to be told about books, than as a source of amusement to those who love books and know all about them without being told.

The temptation to quote from Mr. Matthews's collection of *Ballads of Books* some of the charming poems, old and new, contained within its covers,

is very strong; but no invidious distinction can be made. Mr. Gosse, in his contribution, confesses that he might prate thus for pages, the theme is so pleasant; and the gloom of the ages which lies on him at present must banish from these columns, for the time being at least, even Mr. Lang's cheerful "Proem" and Mr. Dobson's "Final" and pathetic "Word."

DARWIN'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

PROBABLY no man of the nineteenth century has exercised so profound an effect upon all departments of contemporary thought as Charles Darwin; the story of his life possesses, therefore, a much wider interest than that of most scientific men, even the most eminent. The volumes before us contain a most interesting autobiographical sketch, which Darwin wrote for his children toward the close of his life, some chapters of reminiscences by the editor, and a large series of letters, from 1825 to 1882, arranged partly on a chronological and partly on a topical plan, the editor supplying the necessary thread of connection in order to make them tell a continuous story. Although one sometimes regrets that more of the letters from Darwin's correspondents are not given, the work is a fascinating one, edited with great skill and taste, and presenting a very attractive picture of the quiet and secluded life which had such far-reaching and abiding results.

As far as can be judged from his own account, Darwin's childhood and youth seem to have given but little promise of future greatness. His career at school was not brilliant, and he regarded it as "simply a blank" from an educational point of view, as the instruction was entirely classical, and during his whole life he "was singularly incapable of mastering any language." But his interest in nature had been awakened, the collecting of minerals and insects, with observations on the habits of birds, and the like, occupied much of his time and attention, while his experiments in chemistry earned him the nickname of "Gas" from his schoolfellows, and brought down upon him a public rebuke from his master for wasting time on such useless subjects. At the age of sixteen young Darwin was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, but he found the lectures intolerably dull, and the knowledge that he would probably inherit a competent support from his father removed all stimulus to hard work. One feels, however, that Darwin probably does himself injustice in this account of his idle boyhood, as is indicated by Sir James Mackintosh's saying of him: "There is something in that young man that interests me."

Finding that his son had no inclination for the practice of medicine, Doctor Darwin determined to make a clergyman of him, and to that end sent him to Cambridge at the close of the year 1828. The three years were very happily spent at the university, but "wasted, as far as the academical

* *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin;* edited by his son, Francis Darwin. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1887.

studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh or at school." A little classics, less mathematics, and a course of Paley comprised the sum of academic work. But at the same time he developed a great fondness for entomology, and his friendship with Professor Henslow "influenced his whole career more than any other circumstance," while the reading of Humboldt and Herschel stirred up in him a "burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of natural science." At Henslow's instigation he also took up the study of geology, and accompanied Sedgwick in some of his classical investigations of the older rocks of Wales, a training which he subsequently found useful; but he returned in time for the shooting, "for at that time I should have thought myself mad to give up the first days of partridge-shooting for geology, or any other science."

By far the most important event of Darwin's life, and the one which definitively shaped his career, was undoubtedly the five years' cruise in the *Beagle*. Not only did it strongly confirm and direct his "innate taste for natural history" and give him grand opportunities for work on both biological and geological lines, but it also directed his attention to the great problem of the origin of species, upon his solution of which his fame chiefly rests. The charming *Voyage of a Naturalist* made the work of this cruise very widely known and appreciated, while scientific results of the highest interest and importance were its direct outcome. The extraordinary perseverance and fortitude which accomplished so much under the most trying circumstances of hardship and continual sea-sickness, were the forerunners of his life-long battle with disease and pain, of which the world knew so little, and in spite of which he wrought such wonders.

On his return from the voyage, Darwin spent some years in London and Cambridge working upon his great mass of material; but the gradual oncoming of ill health forced him to shun all excitement, and to settle in the secluded neighborhood of Down, in Kent. His weak health and now passionate devotion to science marked out his career for him, which was undeviatingly followed for forty years. One cannot but be astonished at the "pluck" he displayed. Never free from pain for a single day, able to work only three or four hours a day, yet how much he accomplished! From necessity his life was extremely regular, and he never wasted a minute that could be employed.

The problem of the origin of species occupied him for more than twenty years. Every one knows the story of the noble generosity displayed by both Darwin and Wallace with respect to their independent working-out of the same theory of natural selection. The annals of science are unhappily marred by many disgraceful squabbles for priority, to which this famous episode furnishes a refreshing contrast. The publication of the *Origin of Species* was at once followed by a storm of obloquy and opposition, both scientific and theological, and most unjust and bitter things were said of the author. But to Darwin's credit be it said, that he never retorted in kind. So completely has the scientific world been won over to his side of the case,

that it is difficult to imagine the state of mind prevailing thirty years ago; and so completely did he live down all malice that the honors heaped upon his later years and the funeral in Westminster Abbey were the natural outcome of a nation's reverence. The remainder of his life was devoted to further elaboration of the problems indicated in the *Origin of Species*, which was by its plan a mere outline or preface, and a series of important and now famous works followed as rapidly as his strength would allow them to be prepared. The last one appeared only the year before his death.

As a naturalist Darwin was almost entirely a "self-made man." At that time but little instruction in science could be had in England, and he deeply regretted that the excessive dulness of the instruction at Edinburgh had deterred him from the study of human anatomy and the practice of dissection. Of *direct* training for his life-work he had almost none at all; he stated that his education had been of little service to him, and that all he had learned of any value had been self-taught. He probably, however, underestimated the indirect value of his education, and more especially of the atmosphere and companionship at Cambridge. He was, in consequence, a naturalist of the old school in methods, very far removed from the modern specialist; few of his works show the minute technical investigation now so common. His methods and appliances were of the simplest, and his faith in the instrument-maker implicit. His books are nearly all well adapted for popular use, and to this fact, as well as to their courteous and reasonable tone (so different from the bitter intolerance of some of his supporters), is largely due the speed with which his doctrines spread and found acceptance. While his discoveries of new facts are very numerous and valuable, they are overshadowed by his wonderful power of generalization. Out of what was but a mere chaos of uncorrelated and unintelligible facts, Darwin has created a true science, and opened up innumerable lines of fertile inquiry. Few but biologists can appreciate the wonderful impulse which he gave to all departments of zoölogical and botanical research. The unifying and integrating effect of his labors has revolutionized the natural sciences. His place is with such men as Newton and Copernicus, and though in the progress of knowledge, every one of his theories be discarded, the preëminent character of his services will ever remain.

Many of Darwin's characteristics are apparent from his writings. His immense learning, his wonderful power of handling great bodies of facts, his keen observation, his ingenuity in devising experiments, and his luminous reasoning, are all familiar traits. Of even higher value are his perfect honesty, his conscientiousness in argument, and his remarkable candor in seeing and admitting the objections to his own views, which has been so much admired, even by his enemies. It is a striking fact that very few of his critics have suggested objections which he had not himself foreseen and mentioned. In this connection a passage in his autobiography deserves quotation:

"I had also during many years followed a golden rule, namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought came across me, which was opposed to my gene-

ral results, to make a memorandum of it without fail, and at once ; for I had found by experience, that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favourable ones."

While these traits have long been known, his private character was understood, of course, by only a few ; but this *Life* depicts it in most attractive, though not exaggerated colors. His modesty, unselfishness, single-hearted devotion to the search for truth, his universal kindliness and sweetness of disposition, certainly made up a beautiful character, which need not fear the minutest examination.

With all his greatness, Darwin cannot be called a many-sided man, in the sense, for example, that Goethe was. The long-continued and intense application to one class of observation and reasoning seemed to produce almost an atrophy of the æsthetic side of his nature ; but it is characteristic of his humility and freedom from pretence, that he regarded this change as a loss, and that he did not look upon æsthetic pleasures as a childishness which he had outgrown.

A very similar change seems to have affected his religious views. We first meet him as a thoroughly orthodox young man, whose few conscientious scruples about entering the church are easily overcome. No abrupt change in the plan of taking orders seems to have occurred ; it simply died a natural death, owing to the complete turning of his thoughts toward scientific work. He appears never to have given the subject of religion any very profound or continuous thought, and the gradual decay of belief made him an agnostic. None of his remarks on religious questions which he printed, or which are given in these volumes, show signs of deep or even altogether logical consideration.

"During these two years (1836–39) I was led to think much about religion. Whilst on board the *Beagle* I was quite orthodox. . . . But I had gradually come by this time to see that the Old Testament was no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos. The question then rose continually before my mind and would not be banished, —is it credible that if God were now to make a revelation to the Hindoos, he would permit it to be connected with the belief in Vishnu, Siva, etc., as Christianity is connected with the Old Testament? This appeared to me utterly incredible."

In another place he expresses himself as "all in a muddle" on the question of design in nature, and considers that the safest conclusion with regard to the existence of God is "that the whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect ; but man can do his duty." This last sentence is the keynote of his system of theology and ethics, for his agnostic attitude in no wise diminished his moral sensitiveness or his benevolence. His interest in and aid to the Fuegian missions has been widely commented upon, though often misunderstood. Near the close of his life he wrote :

"As for myself, I believe that I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow-creatures."

However widely we may dissent from Darwin's philosophical and theo-

logical, and even from his scientific conclusions, we must in candor acknowledge and admire his intellectual greatness, the beauty of his transparently simple character, and the nobility of his life.

FIFTY YEARS OF ENGLISH SONG.*

This anthology of the Victorian poetry is an admirable sequel to Mr. T. H. Ward's anthology of the English poets. It covers to some extent the ground previously traversed by Mr. Ward. But as he made no selections from living poets, there was left a large and inviting field for a later collection. This has been attempted by Mr. Randolph in the present work, and with gratifying success. Even where the two anthologies overlap each other, the selections made are generally different, and the later work supplements the earlier most worthily. Mr. Randolph has, in the case of such poets as Southey and Wordsworth, indicated more exactly where the extracts are to be found—a point of superiority in his work. "The principle which has prevailed in the present anthology is to make such selections as would give a general knowledge of the tendency and scope of English poetry during the last fifty years." (Preface.) The work is to be judged from this point of view. The aim is broader and more difficult than simply to set forth the merits of particular poets. Such, in fact, is the true scope and also the true method of an anthology. In order to the full estimate of individual poets, their works must be studied as wholes.

The work has a felicitous arrangement in its distribution of material. Volume 1 is devoted to the *Earlier Poets : The Blackwood Coterie and Earlier Scottish Poets.* Volume 2 embraces *The Poets of the First Half of the Reign ; The Novelist-Poets.* Volume 3 is occupied with *The Poets of the Second Half of the Reign ; The Writers of Vers de Société.* Volume 4 contains *The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood ; The Ballad and Song Writers ; The Religious Poets.* There is a decided gain in the way of a clear and satisfactory knowledge of the tendency and scope of English poetry during the last fifty years, by such a classification rather than by a mere chronological order, if, indeed, this were practicable. We get thus a distinct view of what has been the poetic outcome of the time in the different realms of song. The classification may be only approximate ; nothing like a scientific precision is possible in such an endeavor ; but it is a help in all appreciative study, as any student of literature will gladly acknowledge.

What now are the *cardinal* virtues of such an anthology ? To what standard must we turn in order to form a just estimate of the work before us ?

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* *Fifty Years of English Song.* Selections from the Poets of the Reign of Victoria. Edited and arranged by Henry F-Randolph. New York, 1888 : Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

1. A sensitive and accurate critical judgment in the choice of extracts. This goes almost without saying. And yet the need of this is absolute. We must have not only accuracy in selection of the best, but sensitiveness also, so that the best *characteristic* production may be chosen. This is seen at once in the case of such a poet as Southey or Wordsworth among eminent poets, and among the minor, Rossetti or Procter.

2. A sense of proportion, so that the relativity of the various poetic achievements can be seen. It would be absurd in any anthology to give as much space to Gray as to Shelley, to Scott as to Burns, to Allingham as to Landor. The excellence of Mr. Ward's anthology consists largely in this, and Mr. Randolph has succeeded as well. If there be any exception, we should make it in the case of Southey and perhaps Landor, more space having been given to each than to Wordsworth.

3. The omission of no poet whose work is in any sense a child of the age, whose note echoes any tone of the *Zeit-Geist.* Mr. Randolph has said in his preface that his anthology "does not pretend to include all the poets of the last fifty years." But it cannot be said that he has omitted any from the work whose poetry represents any characteristic note of the Victorian poetry.

To such a standard for anthologies the editor of this one has finely conformed. Judged broadly and perused in detail its excellence will appear. We have risen from each examination of its contents with enhanced views of its worth. There are other fields for anthological research and production on which we hope Mr. Randolph will enter.

It remains only to say that the subsidiary features of his work in the notes, biographical and bibliographical, are excellent specimens of this department of editorial labor. For ourselves, we prefer the arrangement adopted in Mr. Ward's anthology, by which the biographical and bibliographical notices immediately precede each author's contribution to the work. This, however, may be a matter of individual preference. The typographical execution of the volumes is in fine keeping with the character of the work. The volumes are tastefully printed and form an attractive set. More points of excellence might have been named, and here and there some exceptions taken to the choice of extracts, but any fair and thorough judgment of Mr. Randolph's selections can only end in warm commendation. It is an American contribution to the Queen's Jubilee not unworthy the good queen, among whose distinctions will be this, that her reign, like those of the great Elizabeth and Queen Anne, is to be forever marked as an era in English literature.

THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT.*

THE attainment of universal knowledge has been the dream of many a scholar's life. Problems raised in earlier years find their solution as life

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* *The Science of Thought.* By F. Max Müller. 2 vols. 16mo, pp. xxii, 656. New York, 1887: Charles Scribner's Sons.

goes on; the store of wisdom increases with each succeeding year, almost with the passing days; and yet each question answered suggests others to be confronted, and the ever-widening circle of intellectual acquirement but serves to make manifest the darkness which lies still beyond. To some it is given, however, through exceptional endowment, or by the accidents of training, to secure an intellectual horizon of a wider sweep than that granted to their fellows. Especially those who have learned to combine the intellectual treasures of their fatherland with the gleanings of another race and country; and those who, from investigation in their own special fields of study, have been led onward to the deeper problems of all knowledge, are fitted to give us glimpses of truth which cannot be otherwise obtained.

Max Müller has enjoyed these several advantages in a preëminent degree. By birth a German and by early training familiar with Teutonic learning; in later years transferred to England, where he has played a foremost part in the intellectual movements of our day; a profound student of language, who yet finds in human speech a clew to solve the fundamental questions of the mind, he offers us now a work which he touchingly describes as, perhaps, the last finished product of his pen:

"This book has been written for myself, and for a few friends with whom I have been travelling for many years on the same road. We have exchanged our thoughts from time to time. We agree on some points, we differ, or we imagine we differ, on others; and as we shall soon have come to the end of our journey, I wished to leave on record what is the outcome of many years of common work and thought and friendly discourse."

We may venture to differ from the author's expectation that his work will find little response beyond the limits of his own acquaintance. It is calculated rather to rouse interest in all quarters of the thinking world.

The Science of Thought marks no new departure in its author's thinking. It is the systematic and complete expression of opinions which he has often stated before. Its thesis is best epitomized by the motto of the title-page:

"No Reason without Language,
No Language without Reason."

Thought and language are thus considered obverse and reverse of one common coin, the reciprocal, never-separated, in reality never-separable, aspects of that which we call ourself. We never think—*i. e.*, in the true significance of thought, the formation and comparison of concepts—without words; and, conversely, we never really speak without at the same time thinking. Our words are the embodiment of the intellectual history of the race. To them the philosopher is to go in his study of the mind, as the geologist goes to the strata of the rocks; or, more accurately, since they constitute the organic records of a racial history, as the biologist goes to the fossils of the past and the living species of the present to investigate the development of life. Further, when we do so study the phenomena of speech we are rewarded by notable discoveries concerning the phenomena of thought.

In all languages, very distinctly in those of the Aryan family, the ultimate constituents of speech may be reduced to a very few; and these few are further dependent on a still smaller number of basal thoughts. Again, contrary to the expectations of many celebrated scholars, these ultimate elements are not particular, but, *quoad hoc*, abstract or general terms. They are such as might arise among a primitive people, developing the beginnings of a language by associating a natural expression of sound as they bend over their common labor with the acts which they perform. They are in their origin nothing more than the consciousness of personal actions, crystallized into speech by the addition of a name. The performance of these acts in concert, the repetition of them when alone, determined their prominence in the budding intellects of our half-animal forefathers; the association with them of the accompanying sounds gave the beginnings of a name; name and concept, concept and name are mutually inseparable, unthinkable apart, and the first completed production of the two gave the germ of language, which was at once the germ of thought.

And with the question of the origin of general concepts, Professor Müller holds that all the riddles of philosophy are solved. The problems of space and time, the problems of the categories, nay, even, to follow the Kantian terminology to the end, the problems of the pure reason itself, are all settled—or, if not settled, they are shown to be so simple that they call for no solution, or so to defy it that the simple postulation of the principles involved is the utmost which human reason ever can attain. Logic and psychology and metaphysics, and metaphysical theology as well, wait only for the completed science of language to give up the secrets which have eluded the philosophers of all the ages:

"What really follows . . . I have tried to show, namely, that language is the true autobiography of the human mind, and that all and every secret of philosophy is to be studied in the world-old diary of language. If we fully understood the whole growth of every word, philosophy would have and could have no longer any secrets. It would cease to exist."*

It is evident that this theory is open to challenge at any one of several different points. No one knows better than its distinguished author that its linguistic postulates will be traversed by not a few students of language by profession. But he does not seem to reflect that it is also exposed, on every hand, to objections from the stand-point of pure philosophy. At best, it is but a possible genesis for thought and language, liable, as all kindred theories are historically shown to be, to essential correction from later discoveries, and liable, unfortunately, also, in the meanwhile, to be accepted by ardent defenders or believing disciples as an integral part of the body of proved truth. Nor will the hesitancy of philosophers in yielding their adherence be due alone to their predilections for time-honored modes of thought. Professor Müller enters a caveat against the "hall-mark anti-

* Page 510.

Darwinian," because of his denial of a simian ancestry for man, as well as against the "label, materialistic," because of his lack of agreement with current theories of "mind-stuff"; but he would have done his system a greater service if he had anticipated more fully, or answered more conclusively, the abstract arguments which may be summoned to disprove it. It is greatly to be doubted whether the linguistic solution of the problem of general concepts will stand the test of dispassionate criticism.

Or, if the adequacy of the solution were granted, there would still remain other and deeper problems to be met. The question of à priori principles, for example, receives from these latest results of linguistic science merely another, though important, link in the long demonstration that such principles exist, and an argument for their interpretation in terms of the Kantian analysis. The many obscurities which centre around their nature and their mutual relations are not lightened; the crucial difficulties connected with their application to entities, phenomenal and noumenal, are passed over, apparently, with lightest hand.

The absence of a discussion of that last enigma of philosophy, the self-conscious and knowing ego, is not, however, to be noticed here. Professor Müller promises, if life is spared him, to give his theories upon it in a succeeding volume. In addition to the good wishes which the world of thought already sends him for his own sake, it will invoke for him length of days to complete the work which he intends shall crown the whole.

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